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Volume 20 Number 12

May 1994

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A Back by Popular Demand: February 1993's HUSTLER Honey, Angelica Bella, returns to grace our cover this month.





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HUSTLER MAY 1994 VOLUME 20 NUMBER 12

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Cover photo by Clive McLean



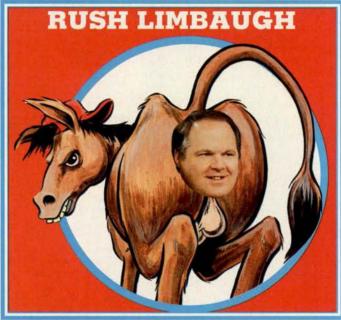
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Just as the squeakiest wheel gets the grease, so the most over-amplified set of sphincters that has ever assaulted the free world—in flatulent attacks that bombard the blameless masses over the radio waves, through the TV tube and upon the printed page—receives the world's highest mark of recognition for his butt-gas bombast and methane megalomania. Yes, dittoheads, Rush Limbaugh is Asshole of the Month for May 1994.

A revered figure of American history once said words to the effect that, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but if you're Rush Limbaugh, the fool you're fooling the most is Rush Limbaugh."

Much of Limbaugh's commentary upon our societal decay makes sense. If he were an idiot, or always wrong, 15 million people would not voluntarily listen to his radio show every week, his halfhour television rant would not be carried by 220 stations, his first book, a distillation of dyspeptic grumblings titled The Way Things Ought to Be, would not have sold more than 2.7 million copies, a monthly 'zine for diehard Rush fans would not have 275,000 subscribers, a follow-up tome, See, I Told You So, would not have a first printing of more than 1.4 million copies, and Limbaugh would not have raked in \$5 million for the year. Limbaugh's broad appeal is as obvious as his expansive ego.

What's troubling are some of the blowhard's specific fans, such as



William J. Bennett. A former secretary of education, Bennett is best known as the first Drug Czar in the U.S. government's war on narcotics. Bennett, whose successes in the realms of learning and addiction containment are seen in every illiterate crackhead, has a high regard for May's Asshole, gushing: "Rush Limbaugh is a national resource."

Such adulation is akin to a character reference from someone who was implicated in a scheme to sell armaments to the anti-American government of Iran, such as Oliver North, another Rush booster. Praise from two-faced scum is usually reserved for others of their ilk.

Bill Clinton's lack of Vietnam battlefield experience is a pet target of Limbaugh, who did not serve in that same conflict. Rush cites a student deferment during one admittedly desultory year at college and a medical condition that might have flared up as the factors that prohibited him from fighting for flag and freedom. And yet, Limbaugh, like country-club warrior Dan Quayle, remembers being a "hawk" at the time, clucking, "Had I been called, I would have gone."

Hawks and eagles don't sit at roost waiting for dinner to come calling; they'd waste away. The only fowl that gets fat without a fight is the common barnyard chicken.

The Limbaugh sliding scale of ethics and morals also applies to use of controlled substances.

Although he smoked marijuana more than once, Rush feels that if he'd been caught doing so, he should have been spared the criminal penalties. "I'm a conservative, and I was doing it on an experimental basis." Experimental like LSD guru Timothy Leary?

Nothing is conserved in such Limbaugh fiscal solutions as his message to an as-yet-unborn generation of American workers. "I would tell Social Security recipients of the future: 'Don't count on it. It isn't going to be there.' "This from the same mouth that characterizes potential human lives as "the most sacred, beautiful thing on earth" in his anti-abortion tirades.

Limbaugh's roar sounds like the moan of a middle-aged loser who never gets sex. His experiences with women have been, in his own estimation, less than happy. "Nice guys never get laid," he whines, reciting the credo of the eternal mook. With his stunted sexual identity, Rush naturally showed up in a *Playboy* magazine interview, but with an excuse: "Jesus Christ said, 'You go to where the sinners are.' So here I am in *Playboy*, attempting to clean it up." Attempting to clean up, yes, in a manner of speaking.

Limbaugh boasts that his talent is "on loan from God." He thanks his parents for making him "the terrific guy I am." If the man is terrific and connected to the Almighty, why does he confess, "I get up every day thinking I have to prove myself"? His efforts succeed only in removing all reasonable doubt that he is an Asshole.

5

Shawn Eckardt: Bodyguard to figure skater Tonya Harding, Shawn Eckardt admitted to authorities that he'd taken part in a plot to break the leg of Nancy Kerrigan, Harding's chief rival, prior to the U.S. Figure Skating Championships in January, but that he was "not smart enough" to have designed or carried out the plan. Eckardt, at 350 pounds, is just

mart enough to be a hig hig

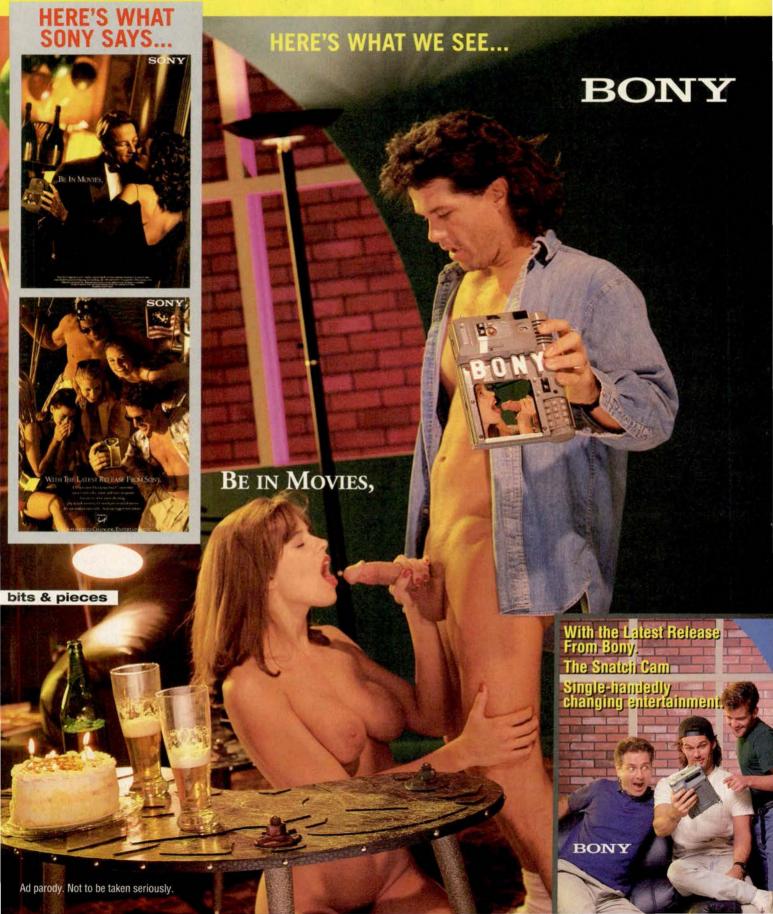
smart enough to be a big, big Asshole.

Robert L. Crandall: According to a letter sent to HUSTLER from Fonda Dix, who claims to be a flight attendant for strike-plagued American Airlines, "21,000 of my fellow flight attendants and I work for a prime candidate for 'Asshole of the Month.'

None other than [American Airlines Chairman] Robert L. Crandall himself. A perfect caption: 'Hi there! I'm Bob. Fly me, and I'll shit all over you.' That's certainly what he's been doing to us." It sounds like American's employees didn't get a Christmas bonus this year. HUSTLER is happy to be of service, pointing out Assholes wherever they lurk.

CONSUMER SEX ALERT!

Advertising is forever beguiling consumers with subliminal suggestions of sex. Consider these recent Sony ads, as we cut through the Madison Avenue bullshit.



Male-pattern baldness spoiling self-esteem? Join the...

Hedgehog Hair Club for Men

Reserve a plot on Ron Jeremy's body today.

Choose from silky strands of back hair, thick tufts of butt wool or even the Cute 'n' CurlyTM chest plugs.

Hedgehog Hair Club members say, "There's nothing like a head of fur to arouse the animal inside her."

Just ask these satisfied Hedgehog Hair clients.



"Now maybe Whoopi will come back and braid me. Thanks, Ron!"



"There's no junk in these bonds. Jeremy's greasy locks stick like glue."

"I'd shoot my parents for a fresh crop off Jeremy's butt." —Parricidal Maniac -Stock Fraud Michael Milken Lyle Menendez



I'm not just

a Hair Club member; I'm the hair farm

as well

Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Hedgehog Hair Club, its members and their quotes are fictitious

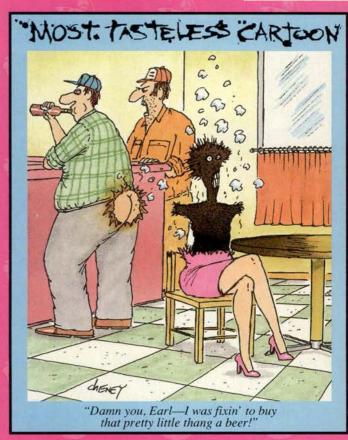
bits & pieces

PORN From the PAST

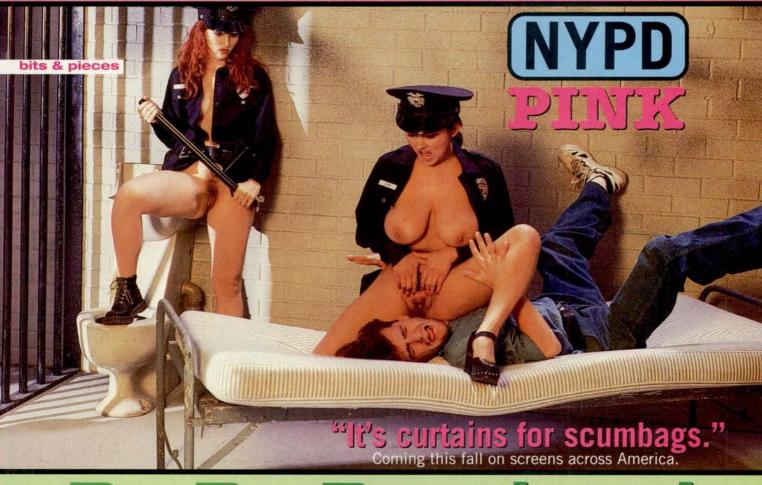
–Ted Danson



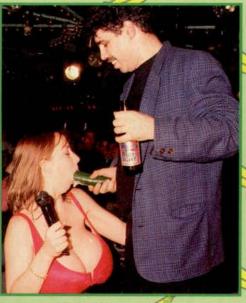
Back in days of yore, young girls settled disagreements the old-fashioned way-they beat the hell out of each other. Brad Ferguson earns \$150 for this classic conflict, and you can too. To wrap your fist around a wad of cash, send all nasty antique photos to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned

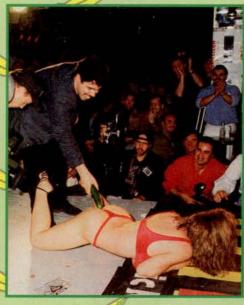


With censorship making a comeback in the guise of Attorney General Janet Reno and the FCC, it's time networks took creative freedom back. In fact, consider the potential criminals who would stay in front of their screens and off the streets if some channel aired a show called...



Ba-Ba-Bonehead







How stupid is Howard Stern's apelike producer Gary "Du-Du-Doucheface" Dell'Abate? When radio mayen Stern sent his right-hand chimp to audition contestants for his recent New Year's Eve beauty pageant, the simian

simpleton probed hopefuls portals with a boogerensconced banana. Condolences to lovely Letha Weapons for having to suck Dell'Abate's snot and still not make the final cut.

Photos by Richard Creamer

Once a year, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) bestows Image Awards on a handful of African-Americans who they believe embody that race's best values. But what of those slovenly few who propagate every negative stereotype their ethnic, religious or sexual background has ever endured? They deserve similar attention; and so, we present...

HUSTLER'S 1994 BAD IMAGE AWARDS

Jupac Shakur



AFRICAN-AMERICAN

After accumulating numerous criminal charges, this subpar rapperfactor was actually cited by the NAACP for an Image Award. Indeed, a young, black male arrested for allegedly shooting at off-duty cops in Atlanta, Georgia, and accused of holding a woman with two other men while a fourth sodomized her does provide a role model—for antiblack racists.

Joey Buttafuoco.



ITALIAN-AMERICAN

Buttafuoco wooed the Bad Image panelists with his oral excesses. Whether wrapped around an underage girl's clit or ranting and lying about marital fidelity, Buttafuoco spews the kind of macho, lou-mouth, lamebrain braggadocio that makes Italians and men look bad.

k.d. lang.



LESBIAN

Lipstick sapphists have lower-case, labe-licker k.d. lang to thank for her prejudicial portrayal of lesbians as humorless, self-important, elitist prigs.

bits & pieces

Michael Jackson



MARTIAN

Michael Jackson's alien lifestyle is a living tribute to space oddity. His close encounters of the young, male kind, and his grotesque attempts to imitate a human being have sullied public perceptions of all invaders from Mars.

James R. Porter



CATHOLIC PRIEST

Congratulations to this papist peckerwad for garnering the most sexual-abuse complaints ever filed against a cleric of the Catholic Church. A robust 68 men and women claim Porter molested them in the 1960s, further eroding a crumbling confidence in Church and clergy.

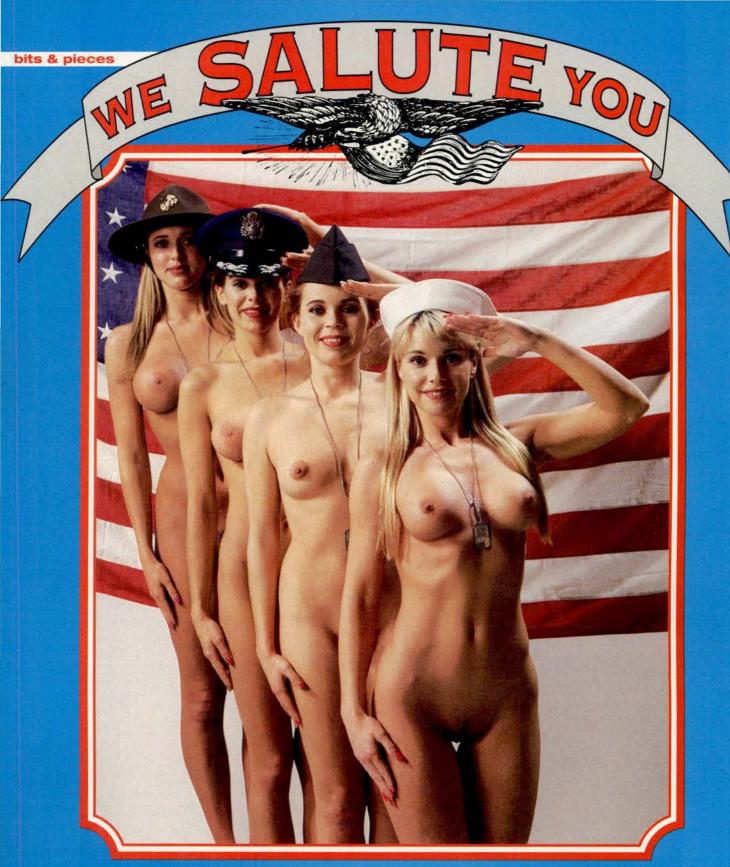
Bad Image Hall of Fame

Senator Edward M. Kennedy:



IRISH-AMERICAN

Teddy Kennedy, recipient of this year's Lifetime Achievement Award, has unflaggingly perpetuated the image of Irishmen as drunken, sex-crazed, hypocritical hotheads fit only for employment in politics or the priesthood. Congratulations to this pickled Paddy.



HUSTLER actively supports the troops who fight for our freedoms. We'd like to remind all members of the four branches of the military service that America still has the best damn pussy in the world! So make sure you get home safely. It's warm, it's wet and it's waiting. A message of gratitude from HUSTLER Magazine.

For Shame

I am writing in regard to the page entitled "DisasterPeace Theater," which featured a photo of a dead U.S. soldier being dragged through the street in Somalia ("Disaster-Peace Theater," Ad Parody, February '94). I think I can safely speak for the rest of the armed forces saying that this kind of shit really pisses me off! Every time I see that picture, which was published in newspapers across America, as well as in Time and Newsweek, it makes me sick to my stomach. Only HUSTLER stooped so low as to make a joke out of it! How can HUSTLER belittle someone who gives their life for this country? After seeing that HUSTLER feels no remorse for fallen service members, I have seriously thought about cancelling my subscription. HUSTLER does the best nude layouts of any smut mag. I can't even begin to tell you how many HUSTLER spreads I've jizzed over. After "DisasterPeace Theater," I don't even think that I could get it hard again to even think about beautiful women. -Smitty

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

HUSTLER's ad parody "DisasterPeace Theater" ("DisasterPeace Theater," Ad Parody, February '94) disturbed me greatly. Even though the photo does get the point across, I think it could have been presented with more concern toward the dead. Being a soldier who served in Somalia, I wouldn't want to think that if the same thing happened to me or one of my friends, I would have one of my, or someone else's, family members see me in that state. Furthermore, I think something like this should be left alone. The death of a soldier shouldn't be presented or degraded in something as morbid as a parody. -F. H.

Fort Campbell, Kentucky

I've been a reader of HUSTLER for a long time. I never had a problem with any of its issues until February 1994. I thought that HUSTLER's February 1994 issue was disgusting, gross and tasteless. I'm not referring to the nude pictures. Those were great. I'm referring to the dead U.S. soldier being dragged through the streets of Somalia ("DisasterPeace Theater," Ad Parody, February '94). The man in that photo is a fellow armed-forces friend. I worked with him on several occasions. It's not bad enough that the national press had to publish that picture, but HUSTLER? The man gave his life to help another country and to keep ours free so HUSTLER can publish its



Lori: Virgin on the Verge

stupid little magazine. Give the man the respect he deserves! Seeing that picture made me sick to my stomach. I think an apology is in order for the dead soldier's family, the U.S. armed forces and me!

—J. C.

Dover Air Force Base, Delaware

You're damned right we're sorry, J. C. We're sorry that American oil companies value Somalian drilling rights more than the safety and well-being of the undermanned, overworked U.S. troops deployed to protect their profits, which was the point of our February ad parody, a point conveniently ignored by most of the American media. Readers who feel HUSTLER is in any way attempting to find humor in the insane, unnecessary death of a U.S. serviceman are mistaken. HUSTLER finds nothing funny about the situation in Somalia.

Firing Line

This is in response to the *Feedback* letter written by S. S. from Marysville, California ("Mission of Mercy," *Feedback*, January '94). Being a grenadier in B Co. 2-14 Infantry Battalion from Fort Drum, New York, I am one of the "U.S. grunts" S. S. refers to so disparagingly. Apparently Mr. S. S. has never been in the military, or he would understand the concept of missions, orders and defending oneself and one's buddies under fire.

American troops came to Somalia as

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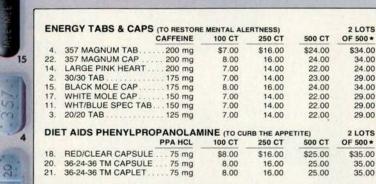
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peacekeepers and humanitarians. We did not come to Somalia to fight. Every fire-fight that's happened here has been initiated by the Somalis, not "U.S. grunts." We've simply defended ourselves. Did S. S. whine about mercenaries when troops were first deployed to Somalia to hand out food, and no bullets were flying? Or has his bleeding-heart opinion changed since people started dying? How would S. S. feel if his son or daughter were killed in Somalia? Would he say, "Oh, well. They weren't fighting for this country." Would you fight for the U.S., Mr. S. S., or are you just a fair-weather friend?

If we are not patriots doing the job we have been called upon to do, but mercenaries, then why have American veterans' associations sent packages showing their support? Why do we receive only \$150 a month extra for hazardous-duty pay, while troops from other countries receive an outrageous amount of United Nations pay? Does S. S. call Gulf War veterans mercenaries since they "weren't fighting for this country"? Korean War veterans? Vietnam vets or the Marines killed in Lebanon in 1983? Surely the last time America was attacked was during WWII, and every American involvement in every conflict since then has benefited "foreign" interests more than our own.

Don't worry, S. S. If I "get my ass shot off," I will not come crying to you. Pieces of shit like you are not worthy enough to be part of my America.

—P. F.

Mogadishu, Somalia

Parody Bites

I am writing this letter to express my extreme disappointment in an advertisement published in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue ("Make It a Bud Light," Ad Parody, Holiday Issue '94). I have been an avid reader of HUSTLER Magazine for at least ten years and have never observed anything as offensive as the Bud Light ad on page 29. As a black man, I feel I can safely say that Afro-Americans have plenty of racism to deal with outside the pages of a men's magazine. Since the text of the ad seems to give off antiracist signals, I had to examine the page for an instant to decide if it was a positive message or not. The words that are printed as such aren't really what I'm speaking about—it's the image of a black man being crucified. As you know, most HUSTLER readers are white males and mainly interested in the pictures. I would appreciate it if HUSTLER would pull the ad and try to be more considerate of all persons of the human race. —G. P.

Detroit, Michigan

February 1994's "Make It a Bud Light," the HUSTLER piece you are referring to, G. P., was not an actual Bud advertisement, but an ad parody utilizing the form of popular Bud Light ads to get across an antiracist message. More and more HUSTLER readers urge HUSTLER to lay off such heavy topics and stick to pictures of naked women. Crazy, huh?

Call Waiting

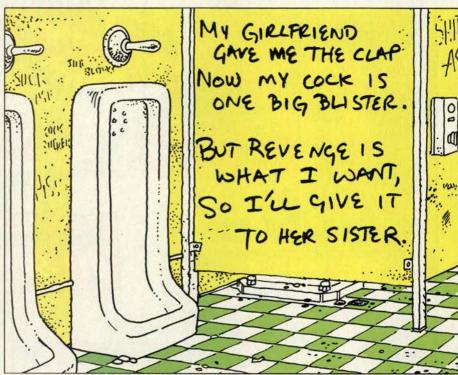
HUSTLER has been my jerking-off rag since I was a little spanker, and I remember the good old days when it was a real cunt mag and not a 900-number phone book. In the beginning there were a few phone ads stuck between the dildo and the fuckmovie spots, but now it is ridiculous. How many 900 numbers can dick-banging phone-fuckers call? In HUSTLER's January 1994 issue I counted 62 motherfucking pages of this fucking garbage. Why not make it the

whole goddamn magazine, you moneygrubbing fuckers? How about putting some more pussy on these pages? How about putting more raunchy cartoons on these pages? I look at the newsstand, and I see a fat, thick, juicy copy of HUSTLER, and my loins start to quiver. I pull the money out of my pocket, grab my copy, bring it home to my room and open it up with the anticipation of a kid on Christmas morning, just to see a bunch of bullshit on the last 60 pages. What the fuck are you assholes doing? I know you won't have the balls to print this, but I wanted to let you know that you might lose a loyal reader because of this shit. Eat shit. —T. B. G. Chicago Heights, Illinois

Kick 'Em Down

I'm writing HUSTLER in response to the Feedback letter "Down on the Downside" ("Down on the Downside," Feedback, October '93). Who the fuck does this asshole think he is? He's a fucking convict, not a law-abiding citizen! This cocksucker thinks he should have things served to him on a silver platter while he's serving time (continued on page 25)





THANKS AND \$50 GO TO DARREN STULBERG

HUSTLER MAY







BETWEEN THE CHEEKS 3

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Gregory Dark; starring Rebecca Wild, Lacey Rose, Brittany O'Connell, Ariel Day, Rebecca Bardoux, Nicole London, Chris Collins, Marc Wallice, T. T. Boy, Tom Byron, Steve Drake and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: VCA.

From the wrinkled folds of girly sphincters winking in the flash-edited opening montage to the yawning pooper of Rebecca Bardoux, which gapes on after being plunged by Tony Tedeschi's rectal rammer, Between the Cheeks 3 has a clearly delineated point of view. Cheeks 3 is a cum-flick with a philosophy. "The center of the universe, the meaning of life, the female butthole—all are one," pronounces the show's heroic narrator. If the action that follows implies anything, then the female-anal justification of existence must truly be director Gregory Dark's personal

credo. How else to explain an obsessive fascination with distaff turd-cutters that manifests itself so relentlessly? *Cheeks 3* is an all-out onslaught of womanly crap chutes, a constant projection of puckered poopholes, featuring six ass-fuckings, three of which are DPs—all adding to the credible conclusion that a woman's soul can be found in her anus. *Between the Cheeks 3* indicates that Dark is serious about putting his brown-eye theories into practice, which means fun in the buns for the rest of us.

—*Christian Shapiro*



Cheeks 3: Double penetration is the sensation.



Rebecca Bardoux gets royally rammed.



INTID

IDE

OLL_ND

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Deidre Holland, Randy Spears, Tom Byron, Jon Dough, Joey Silvera, Melanie Moore, Ashlyn Gere, Rocco Siffredi and Chanel. Videocassette: VCA.

If ever a hard-body, soft-skin, velvet-smooth, eye-pleasing package of porno sex flesh deserved the tribute of her own compilation video, it would be Deidre Holland. The wankers of the world deserve to get *Deep Inside Deidre Holland* too. Beauty is often a thing of proportions, and Deidre's component parts fit together in an aesthetically and erotically charged ensemble of slender, shapely limbs, perfectly protruding and right-eously round buns and boobs, a face wholly delicate, strong and exquisite, and a clean, trim quim. Though Holland is somewhat evocative of Annete Haven, the Ice Princess of porn's golden age, Deidre fucks as good as she looks. Proof of her prurience is found among her boffings with Rocco Siffredi, Joey Silvera, the strap-on-assisted Ashlyn Gere and tandem pricks Randy Spears and Tom Byron. A few scenes end too quickly for serious evaluations to take place, but going *Deep Inside Deidre Holland* will bring out the wad within.



In and out of the Holland tunnel.



BACKDOOR TO HARLEYWOOD 3

Half Erect. Directed by Fred J. Lincoln; starring Celeste, Woody Long, Steffi, Heather Lee, C. J. Bennet, Steve Drake and Jonathan Morgan. Videocassette: AFV Releasing.

Harleys are popular. Sex is popular. Statuesque, sultry-lip brunettes with heavenabove asses and overhanging, high-rise tits are popular. To the extent that it includes Harleys, sex and Celeste, *Backdoor to Harleywood 3* will be popular. Less ingratiating characteristics of the tape are the camera's tendency to focus on the back of female heads as the girls suck chood, dubbed in moans of ecstasy that bear no synchronicity to the mouth stuffed with cock onscreen, and on-the-spot hipster-swinger dialogue straight out of 101 Remedial Pickup Lines for Recidivist Simians. Tawny, dark-maned Celeste truly is a tower of prick-torquing sex appeal. Her one full-fledged fuck, the tape's first coupling, follows an overworked phone-sex tease that raises impatience rather than anticipation. Still, once interest is up, Celeste's breathy chest floats in an orbit all its own as she rides Woody Long to a climax that takes place in her mouth. Celeste reappears to make a shiny dildo disappear in the butt ring of a girlfriend, but all the other poking in Harleywood only serves to remind that Celeste is rightly much more popular than <code>Backdoor</code>'s rest.

—C. S.



I LOVE JUICY

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jourdan Alexander; starring Rebecca Bardoux, Tony Montana, Krysti Lynn, Ron Jeremy, Mike Horner, Lynden Johnson, Jessica Fox, Dyanna Lauren and Leena. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment Group.

Even after all the stars have died and turned to worm shit, old TV shows never go away; they just become porn paradies. I Love Juicy is the latest DOA smut tribute to cathode-ray history, a takeoff on I Love Lucy, with laff-track and butt-fucking. Aping Lucy may or may not be a good idea, but it is certainly an obvious one; the DesiLu formula has been exploited in more cum comedies than anyone who wasn't being paid to do so would care to recall. The ream team of Tony Montana and Blondi B. was one memorable couple of Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo impersonators. Blondi was by far the better half of the Montana/B. pairing, and she is not in I Love Juicy. Tony Montana is in I Love Juicy, but he is not the picture's most repugnant male. The appeal of watching Ron Jeremy fuck a chick is more grotesque than the depraved gratification derived from viewing a woman being violated by a dog, a pig, a horse or some other barnyard beast, and Ron Jeremy is legal. Juicy is wet like pus.



Lesbian love: loose and Juicy.



BOOTY SISTE

Half Erect. Directed by Rex Borsky; starring Janet Jacme, Shayla, Tabatha Cash, Kim Chambers, Chayse Manhatten, Peter North, T. T. Boy, Joey Silvera and Julian St. Jox. Videocassette: Rosebud.

Genetics have blessed African-American women with some of the biggest, tightest, most fuckable butts in the world. So why is *Booty Sister* less exciting than a LaToya Jackson infomercial? Forgetting plot, any compilation-style tape lives and ultimately dies on the strength of its fuckers. Here, the talent is hit 'n' miss. Janet Jacme, the Jackson sister lookalike whose heavy hunk of rump roast exits a room ten minutes after the rest of her body, goes topsy-turvy during a suspended 69 with Julian St. Jox. After hopping off his torso, Jacme shoves his dick upside her ass and later soothes her throat with his cock's creamy lozenge. French-Filipino fuck-du-jour Tabatha Cash, fresh from the silicone factory, sits on T. T. Boy's dick while honey-blond Kim Chambers casually peels her girly garments behind them. A painful-looking assfuck is Chambers's due reward. Enchanting Shayla sadly forgoes fucking for a ride on Chayse Manhatten's dumpling face while Joey Silvera porks the corpulent caucasian in the caboose. Devoid of plot and defaulting in camera creativity, a little of this *Booty* goes a long way.

——Seth Roberts



That Booty's a beauty, sister.



SONGBIRD

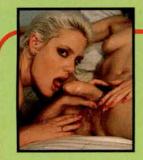
Half Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Dior, Debi Diamond, Vixxen, Sara-Jane Hamilton, John T. Bone, Randy West and two uncredited dicks. Videocassette: Fantastic Pictures.

She sings, she dances, she sucks cock. No, Madonna hasn't made the hump to porn flicks; Dior is smut's newest factotum, a slender, sensual jack-of-all-trades who sings like Paula Abdul on librium and fucks like a high-class pro. Suffocated by a dickhead manager, Dior experiences writer's block and opens her pussy to break the malaise. Putting Dior's throat to good use, porn's crystal geyser, Sara-Jane Hamilton, squirts an orgasmic gusher into the singer's parched mouth. What could've been a smoking scene, however, is spoiled by the idiot director who whispers, "Now, cuddle," just as the girls share a supposedly spontaneous, post-orgasmic moment. Fortunately, the lame-brained lensman shuts his trap when Randy West snaps open the songbird's snatch during a photo session and smears goo on her shorn boo-boo. The sex seems methodical until Debi Diamond, porn's own detonated bomb, discharges a naughty three-way with West and trash-blond Vixxen, the girls twisting and turning their bods into a blur of cum, sweat and rears. Of course, using Dior's sappy, step-class soundtrack over each of the skimpy four sex scenes proves indulgent and fucking annoying. Dior's A-cup titties notwithstanding, Songbird is a pretty flat note.

—S. R.



Songbird: Vixxen blocks the shots.



FREAK PREVIEWS

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen—and hermaphrodites, midgets, fatsos and mutant misfits of every shape, color and persuasion—for the latest, most twisted trend to overtake adult entertainment in ages: freak videos.

From the Dixie Dynamite's back-breakingly bodacious Z-cups

to Long Dan Silver's 18 inches of erect meat, from 4-7 Napolean to 500-pound plus Teighlor, from men with two penises to women with three clits, videos featuring human oddities have become hot property.

Watch for a feature article coming soon in HUSTLER, and see how nature's blunders are being transformed into sexual wonders.





HUSTLER MAY 19

ANAL ROOKIES

Half Erect. Directed by Rex Borsky; starring Francesca Le, Tiffany Mynx, Flame, Domonique Simone, Randy West and Sean Michaels. Videocassette: Rosebud.

An amateur tape is only as fresh as its performers, and these "rookies" are actually four girls who long ago made the jump to big-time X flicks. Obviously, this flick's been on

the smut shelves for some time, as a youth-like Randy West still owns a cum-shot that shoots instead of spills. Quibbles aside, West does pluck the anal cherry from zesty Francesca Le, who keeps her sphincters unclenched even after West has disengaged and shot his semen inside her bottomless, brown bung. Where Le screams with tortured pleasure, there is no joy in Flameville, as the mighty Sean Michaels plays Casey at the bat with the pale pornster's pink pooper, connecting for a rear-end roundtripper that makes her labes quiver in agony. Interracial fans will appreciate not only that salt 'n' spice coupling but an insincere four-way that bridges the gap between race and reaming as West shoves his pale sword down Domonique Simone's black throat and sluices her chocolate-colored neck with vanilla topping. Meanwhile, on the other side of the couch, Le struggles to take Michaels up her butt and heaves a sigh of cum-dripping relief when the African-American finally squeezes off a chunky round. Although the cameraman's shadow obscures too much action, fans of unimaginative, raunchy sex will still be appeased.

—S. R.



Anal Fran takes it in the can.

From Beaver Hunt to the Big Time

Beavers are known for keeping busy. Take Asia Carrera: Since appearing in HUSTLER's April 1993 *Beaver Hunt*, the half-German, half-Japanese dancer from New Jersey has illuminated a slew of adult videos, including *Chow Down* (Vivid), *Sista Act* (Coast to Coast), *Skin Dreams* (Wicked) and *Radical Affairs 7* (Mark Stone Productions). "*Beaver Hunt* gave me my break into the





Samantha lights up Virgins #7.

VIDEO VIRGINS #7

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by I Didditt; starring Veronica, Samantha, Shayla, Trisha, Meesha, C. J. Bennet, Diva, Gerry Pike, Ted Craig, Go, Rick Masters and David Hardman. Videocassette: New Sensations.

Though simple and repetitive, the formula for Video Virgins #7 never becomes redundant, mostly because a steady parade of fresh, young cooze defies redundancy by its very rejuvenative nature. Virgins introduces six newcomer slits, one at a time, in direct-to-camera interviews, followed by a demonstration of each nymph's personal masturbation technique capped by a full-bore, one-on-one fuck. None of these girls has seen her mid-20s yet, and they all share vivid recollections of "the first time you lost your virginity." C. J. Bennet, at 19, is a sparkle-eyed, precocious-with-a-cock brunette. Veronica is an off-white slot who makes Rosie Perez monkey faces when her snatch is getting stuffed. Shayla is from France, has small, real tits and takes dick in her shitter. Oriental ornament Trisha is a very vocal back-archer. Meesha is a 23-year-old JAP-type who eats pussy instead of sucking cock. Other than the natural noises of energetic sex, there's no soundtrack in Virgins #7: Bed boards shake, flesh slaps, and meat gets beaten.

—C. S.



NAKED GODDESS T

Half Erect. Directed by Gerard Damiano; starring Moana Pozzi, Buck Adams, Jonathan Morgan, Peter North, Flame, Shawnee Cates, Holly Ryder, T. T. Boy, Stacy Nichols, Julian St. Jox, Tim Lake, Allyssa Jarreau, Gloria Leonard, Ed Powers and Tom Chapman. Shot on Film. Videocassette: VCA.

Discerning viewers may be shocked to find that peroxide-enhanced, thickly accented foreign national Moana Pozzi is Naked Goddess material. Up until the release of this first installment in a Gerard Damiano-written-and-directed, two-part, shot-on-film muddled extravaganza, Pozzi has been appreciatively viewed as a second-string, silicone-blown, sloppy-slit, furry-hole, mole-dotted ass-fuck specialist. More power to her for it. Damiano plays off Pozzi's strengths by opening with Peter North's cock mass embedded in Moana's rectal depths for a slow, deep, thorough sphincter drill that caps off with a mess of jizz in flying juxtaposition to the immigrant girl's face. Moana's hair-ringed twat is tongued and plunged by a masked man and, as soon as he comes, Naked Goddess detours into a confusing, disjointed orgy wherein, despite evidence of penetration and ejaculation, no one seems to come together. Add a puzzling, pudnumbing dream sequence, and the To be continued... ending line seems as much a threat as a promise.



Anointing the holey Goddess.



BUTTSLAMMERS 3

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Felecia, Alicia Rio, Melanie Moore, Debi Diamond, Kitty Yung, Suzie Matthews, Sydney St. James, Bionca and Carmel St. Clair. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

An anal-sex tape without real dicks is like fucking an inflatable sheep; sure, it'll make a guy come, but still, something's missing. Even without prick presence, however,



Buttslammers 3: Moore pours.

Bruce Seven brings out the greasy goodness of a raunchy rearfest. Old cunts, new cunts, red cunts, black-and-blue cunts; any 20 seconds of this tape provide a feast of whackability. Felecia proves she's ready for slime time, telling oily Alicia Rio she needs "something bigger in my ass" than Rio's two fingers. The brown goddess obliges with a dildo the size of a submarine, which splits Felecia's dinky derriere. The scene climaxes as Melanie Moore plays bartender, covering the girls' bods with frothy beer and sucking suds from Felecia's musky flask. Elsewhere, fuck-junkie Debi Diamond slams Suzie Matthews's head into a mirror and hawks lubricating lugeys into her asshole for smooth tongue sailing. Rubber gloves are recurring visual aids, the white latex squeaking like a plugged duckling when sliding in and out of Felecia's tan-lined ass. The finale proves a muff-melting melange of foot-sucking, cunt-slapping and oil squirting as Felecia, Kitty Yung, Bionca and Sydney St. James create one of the world's sleaziest dogpiles. To see two minutes of Buttslammers is to see the entire flick. But what a two minutes!



SATURDAY NIGHT PORN 3

Half Erect. Directed by Fred J. Lincoln; starring Celeste, Steffi, Ariel Day, Chanel, Woody Long, Jonathan Morgan, Jake Williams and Gerry Pike. Videocassette: FV Video.

As a nasty spoof of America's lamest late night comedy show, SNP is a barrel of monkey buttons. As a porn flick, however, this tape wears thinner than Lorne Michaels's toupee. Celeste plays Cindy Crawford, complete with mole and vacuous disposition. While she fucks hubby Richard Gearshaft (Woody Long) the camera alternately cuts from "Sindy's" flapping tits to a gerbil on a wheel, parodying an actor's alleged bestial fixations. Gearshaft concentrates on the buxom brunette long enough to dribble semen across her protruding lip mole. From there, however, the fucking goes flat. Jonathan Morgan plays a Mr. Rogers clone who struggles to splash some flat-chested bim with a neighborly cup of jizz; and Ariel Day, a forgettable brunette, slaps Celeste's cunt before engaging in a tedious bump 'n' grind. By the time grungeball Gerry Pike robotically fucks Day and Chanel, the parody and poon have lost their luster and end with a whimpering buttcheek cum-shot. And we thought Joe Piscopo was bad.

—S. R.

HUSTLER MAY 21



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Eduardo DiNero: starring Tiffany Mynx, Tom Byron, Nicole London, Sierra, Sydney St. James, Roxanne Blaze, Paul Cox and Jon Dough, Videocassette: Total Video.

After waking her up with a good-morning dip of his dick into her shithole, Jon Dough takes lean, limber and lewd Nicole London to a garage sale. Dough buys a charmed cigarette case that will grant him six wishes. Predictably, Dough's fanciful, cockcentric requests all come true, but the conjuring of blowjobs, anal-licking ladies and a fore-and-aft fucking of Tiffany Mynx is mere sleight-of-hand compared to the real miracle of The Magic Box: no silicone. The tits, all five pairs of them, range

from tiny to moderately hefty. Some sag, many perk. The nipples respond to stimuli in a refreshing, pop-up fashion. As the girls get boned, their breast flesh flows upon the chest with the motion of sex. Real titties sway and shift shapes as the body twists and bounces. The action has a natural flow and flop, the attraction and arousal onscreen come off as real, and the wanker at home, watching his Magic Box, comes off for real too.



HIGH HEEL HARLOTS

Totally Limp. Directed by Bobby Hollander; starring Veronica Rio, Tina Target, Sally LaCastro, Zen Buckaroo, George Bundy and Fidel Footman. Videocassette: Silver Foxx Productions.

Leggings and stockings and babes, oh my? Oh no! Even the ultraserious foot worshiper will agree that watching a woman slip in and out of pantyhose does have its limitations. The shoe salesman's fantasy is trotted out for the millionth time in porn history as the camera peeks up the skirt of Veronica Rio as she tries on an assortment of gaudy pumps. Like most shoe customers, she whacks off the salesman with her toes before giving the man a lengthy oral commission, her pink lipstick doing an ugly Cuban slide down her chin. Sadly, the man does not touch up her face with his semen, instead draining his vein across her spine. Tina Target tries on red stockings and wraps another pair around some nerd's balls while the dude whacks dick lugeys onto her back. Sally LaCastro pays a visit to some Stagliano-wanna-be called Fidel Footman who can't get a boner to save his life, but he videotapes her tiny tittles squirting milk. The camerawork sucks, the models are mediocre and the sex is duller than watching the weather channel. Hardened foot worshipers may be blinded by the hose, but regular whackers will see this slop as three dreary sex scenes shot on the same black sofa.



Harlots: not even half-hard.

TROKER'S GUIDE A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF

HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

Black Orchid (Western Group)

Ona Zee, Lacey Rose, Jonathan Morgan

New Wave Hookers 3 (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Tiffany Million, Jon Dough



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material

Backdoor to the City of Sin (Anabolic)

Tiffany Mynx, Christina Dior, Rocco Siffredi

Blinded by Love (Odyssey Group)

Leena, Debi Diamond, Terry Thomas

Buttslammers 2 (Bruce Seven Productions)

Felecia, Celeste, Misty Rain

Dragon Lady 5

Keanna, Stephanie DuValle, Ron Jeremy

The Gangbang Girl 11 (Anabolic)

Deborah Wells, Lady Berlin, Monique

Sensuous Exposure (Ultimate Video)

Kelly O'Dell, Debi Diamond, Mark Davis



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments

Buttman's Double Adventure (Evil Angel)

Tianna, Jaguar, Johnny King

Deep Inside Nina Hartley (VCA)

Nina Hartley, Alex Jordan, Eric Price

Depravity on the Danube (Elegant Angel)

Gyongyi, Lara Lambkin, George Saiber

Oral Majority 10 (Western Visuals)

Samantha Strong, Lynn Lemay, Ted Wilson



ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Alexandria, I Love You (AFV)

Alexandria Quinn, Sydney St. James, Mike Horner

Loopholes (Total Video)

Gayle Michelle, Crystal Wilder, Joey Silvera

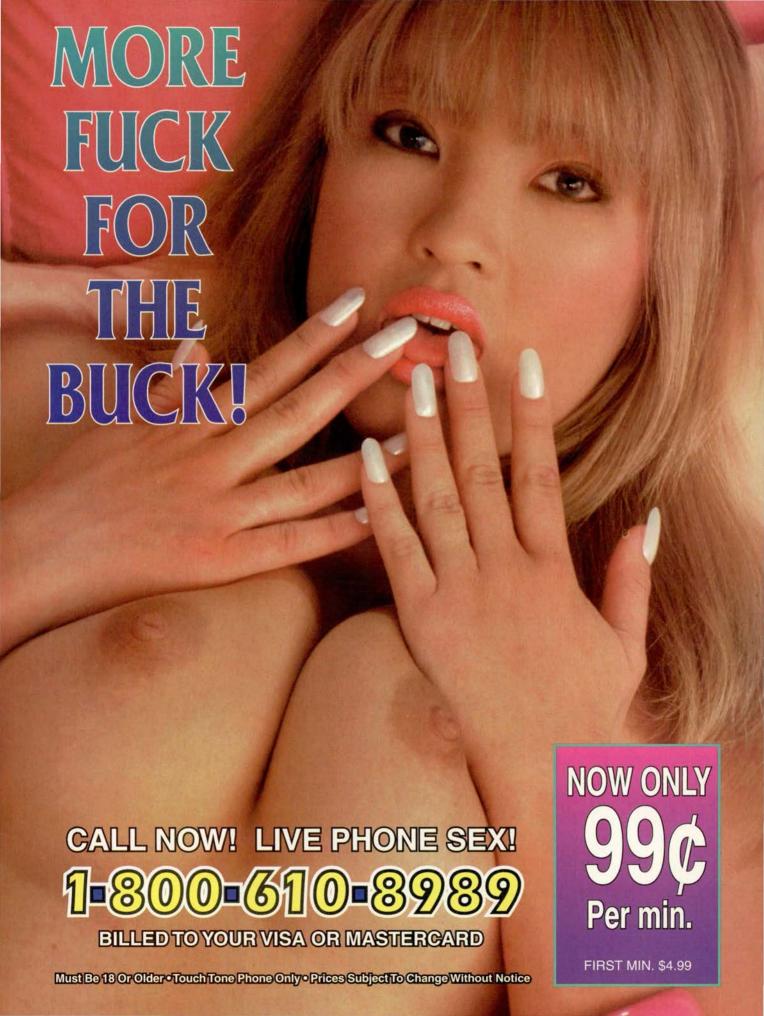


TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

Truth or Dare (Vivid Video)

Hyapatia Lee, Patricia Kennedy, Randy West

22





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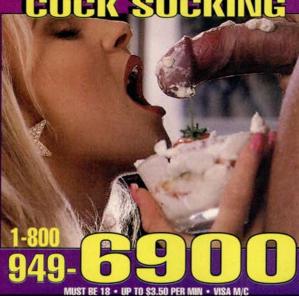
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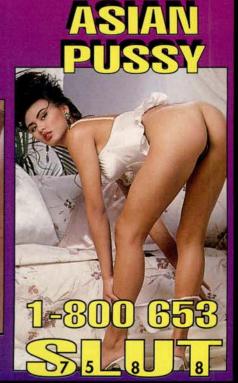
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

for God knows what crime, while we're out here busting our asses to pay the bill for that son of a bitch. The pricks in prison get free medical, dental and vision care, plus the scum of the earth live in condos! Correction centers, not real prisons. Listen up, convicts. You should take a look at how good you have it. Be glad you aren't in a POW camp in Vietnam. All you have to do is kiss some guard's ass and live off our tax dollars.

—Pist-Off Taxpayer Nathrop, Colorado

Chick on Loui

Stuck on Lori

Fuck you, HUSTLER!

Because of you, I may never date a woman in the flesh again. Lori, the 19-year-old, tight-chested vixen-in-the-making featured in February 1994 (*Lori: Virgin on the Verge*, February '94), is the girl of my dreams.

HUSTLER seems to have a sense of justice

and morality. Keep up the fine job.—C. F.

Columbus, Ohio

She doesn't need to be fed, she's always looking great, and that shy look of desire

in her soft, brown eyes says one word only: yes! Lori and I are set for a long-term relationship. I've already bought two extra issues of the February HUSTLER for backup!

—M. M.

Hollywood, California

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

Keep Shooting

Thanks for writer James Harris's report in HUSTLER about antigun fanatics (Crossfire: Antigun Fanatics Blast the Second Amendment, January '94). Leave it to HUSTLER to print the truth about this wacko crusade against personal freedom! Lesser skin mags try to tackle the subject and come down on gun-owning Americans like Hitler's Nazis came down on Jews. A warning to all HUSTLER readers: If you think gun haters will stop at anything less than total arms prohibition, you're nuts! Your children's future may not include the right to own a gun! Do your part to save the Second Amendment! -K. M. Marietta, Georgia

One Thumb Up

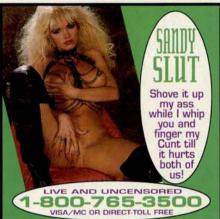
I love HUSTLER Magazine. I buy it every month and read it with my girlfriend. The only magazine I subscribe to is Big Brother, a skateboard magazine. In the December 1993 issue of Big Brother, there is an article about the Big Brother writing staff visiting HUSTLER. I found that to be incredibly ironic, because those are the only two magazines I read regularly. I just wanted to say that I think HUSTLER is really cool for letting Big Brother come in and take a look around. It would have been easy for HUSTLER to blow off the smartass guys who work for that fledgling magazine. I'm a college graduate who is an internal auditor for one of the country's largest insurers. I don't particularly enjoy what I do, but it pays the bills. I like listening to punk rock, and I like to skateboard. I have tattoos, and my nipples are pierced. This doesn't particularly fit the image of a corporate fasttracker! I think HUSTLER's subversive, printing matter that many people want to see, in the face of opposition. And yet,

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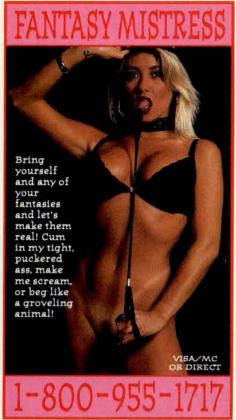


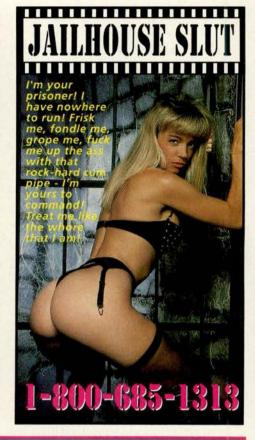












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SILENT BUTT DEADLY

It never fails; I can sit in a bar drinking pitchers of beer for hours and never once have to take a leak; but the second I get stuck in freeway traffic, my bladder suddenly feels ready to burst. In those situations, of course, the nearest rest stop is miles away. Sometimes a guy just has to make do; you never know what'll happen.

My girlfriend Mary Ann and I were driving home from a vacation in the mountains when I had to pee like Niagara. I finally had to pull off in the middle of nowhere and use God's country for a toilet. Mary waited in the Mazda while I limped to a sprawling oak tree and unzipped for the most refreshing piss I'd had in a year. I closed my eyes and reveled in the tingling sensation.

When I opened my eyes, I noticed a house about 50 yards away. Through a screen door on the second floor of this isolated dwelling, I saw a young girl. She seemed to be watching me. I smiled, slightly embarrassed but too relieved to care, and gave her a self-conscious little wave. She moved closer to the door until her image was clear.

She looked vaguely Spanish, with golden-brown skin and thick, black hair that hung halfway down her back. Her hips had curves like a rolling countryside. She wore a sheer, white robe over a black bra, which was clearly visible covering her heavy chest. I felt like I'd walked into a Chris Isaak video.

My dick, which had now finished peeing, was stiffer than John Lennon's corpse. When I gazed back to the house, the babe had vanished. I heard rustling a like total bullshit, but this girl, wearing nothing but black panties and matching bra, walked over to me, wrapped her hand around my exposed cock and put a finger to my mouth before I had the chance to say a word. Her eyes were oval and blacker than my peehole. Her lips were deep bursts of ruby flesh, and she pressed them into mine.

She unfastened her bra and exposed extraordinarily round tits with dark-red nipples that she rubbed to life. Her hand worked my shaft as I looked behind me to make sure my car-that is, my girlfriend-was concealed. She was; so I grabbed my Spanish maiden's head and pulled her mouth to mine.

My tongue pressed into the roof of her mouth, sucking and swallowing her



saliva, which tasted of sweet wine. Oddly enough, however, her mouth felt empty. When I pulled away, she blushed and looked ashamed. She tried to speak but could only mumble inaudible words. When I kissed her again, I realized this beautiful, young girl had no tongue.

I smiled into her eyes. "It's okay," I whispered. "We're all missing something." She smiled and dropped to her knees like a puppy who had just been rewarded. My cock was emitting the first clear signs of ejaculation, and she sucked me for a second, her thick lips clinging to the sides of my dry shaft. Her mouth was hollow and light like a loose pussy. The popping and sucking sounds were loud and stiffening.

Who needs a tongue? I thought. A good blowjob speaks louder than any

I walked my mystery girl to the far side of the tree. She placed her tanned arms around the trunk and spread her slender legs. I pulled her darling, black panties to her ankles and ran my tongue through the tunnel of her twat. Her box had been freshly bathed and tasted of baby powder.

My mouth glided away from her cunt, and I shoved my face snugly between her tight ass cheeks. Her anus was cool and clenched my tongue like a rubber band. For 30 seconds, I face-fucked her tight, trembling bunghole, rubbing her clit with my thumb at the same time. Her strong, smooth thighs trembled slightly, and I jumped to my feet.

Her butt was hard as a rock, and I dug my fingers into those firm loaves of human flesh. Spreading her cunt, I pushed my boner into her warm, wet, woolly bush.

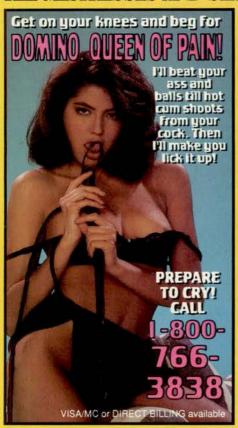
Like a vacuum, her snatch sucked me deeper, and she groaned like a fallen goddess as I rocked my hips and bumped my prick against the top and bottom of her gritty pussy.

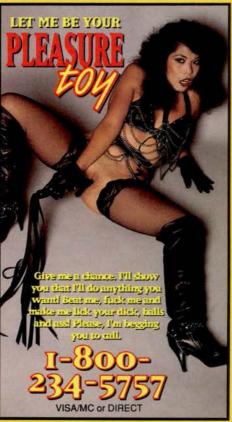
Her fingernails shucked bark from that ancient tree, while my own digits dug into her dark titties, leaving white marks wherever they pressed. My girlfriend Mary has a nice ass, but this dame's derriere was solid muscle. There wasn't a bit of flabby movement when my hips slammed into that fine bumper. I clenched those cheeks with each hand, and her butthole opened and closed with every thrust. Her body began to shake as my pace intensified. "Uck bee!" she moaned.

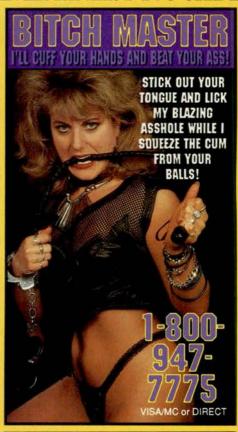
HUSTLER MAY

ELTER THE HOUSE OF DOME LATIGE!

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HOT LETTERS

I left the hunk of prime rib inside her twat and wrapped my lips around that tender slice. The beef looked and tasted like her cunt, and I was eating that pink stuff inch-by-motherfucking-inch.

I pounded away, harder than before.

Platoons of semen tickled their way up my shaft and loaded themselves into my cock's head. Sperm was seconds away from flying when I heard the rusty squeak! of my car's door opening. I turned and came face-to-face with Mary Ann. "What the fuck is going on here?" my girlfriend bayed, her fists clenched. She looked to my silent partner. "You fucking bitch!" she screamed. Then she charged my mystery girl. Mary yanked her off my groin, my cock suddenly glistening in the bare light of day.

Mary shoved the girl to the ground and pushed her lovely, olive face into the dirt. "Fucking slut!" my girlfriend yelled. The Spanish babe hung tough, grabbing Mary Ann's sweater and shredding the garment down the center. My girlfriend's big, white tits flopped in the summer breeze. Hair was pulled. faces were slapped, and insults were shouted as the girls wrestled under the old oak tree. Instinctively, I pulled my still-hard pud. This impromptu catfight was almost better than the fuck; two hot bods battling it out on my behalf. My nuts shook as the first torpedo of spuzz blasted from my submarine. The pressure was so intense, the cum flew a good three feet and hit Mary Ann on the side of the face. She stopped and turned to me, her eyes blazing and teeth gritted like Godzilla eyeing Japs. "How fucking dare you!" she growled, and rose. Cum was still falling from my peen when Mary lunged at me and slapped my face with such full force, I fell backward against the tree. Pants still around my ankles, I stumbled, allowing Mary Ann enough time to get to the car and screech away.

I attended to my Spanish puppet, licking the blood from the marks Mary's fingernails had left. "I'm sorry," I said. She smiled and shoved my still-erect penis into her mouth. Her cool lips soothed my smoking veins and gobbled at the cum still clinging to the head. I stayed with my new friend that night. The next day, I retrieved my car and belongings from Mary and returned to start a new life with the girl who had no tongue. She was a finer female specimen than even God had created. I have my urine to thank for this discovery. —T. C.

DINNER'S IN ME

Butte, Montana

Motherfuck those politically correct

bastards who keep telling me how to live my life. I like guns, I like smoking dope, and I like eating meat. In fact, there ain't a cow large enough to satisfy me and my bride. Betsy and I have been married for a couple of months now; so we have to work hard to keep sex interesting. But sometimes the business of chowing down becomes true pleasure.

The Screaming Cow is our favorite restaurant, because they serve the meat thick and juicy like my wife's cunt. Every time we have a prime-rib dinner there, I get so goddamn horny, I could baste my baby's baked potato with my own private spuzz. Last week, we ordered food to go and changed the way we eat beef forever. Before I go on, though, Betsy wants to describe herself to the HUSTLER readers, just so no one starts thinking we're a couple of pigs or something.

I've just turned 20, and I'm excited to be in HUSTLER. My hair is light brown and hangs straight. Some guys tell me I look like Debra Winger, which I think is pretty cool, because she's really hot. I weigh 110 pounds and am 5-5. I have a few freckles on my face and a couple

between my titties. My breasts are really large, by the way: they're 36DDs, but they don't sag or nothing. My boobies bounce whenever I have sex, and they're ultrasensitive. I once had an orgasm just from a guy licking the center of my nipples. My navel is an innie, and my pussy has thick tufts of brown hair around the lips. This is kinda embarrassing, but when I used to shower in junior high, the other girls would tease me about my large clitoris. Now I thank God for my big pleasure button, because if a man knows how to press it just right, I can come forever! My ass is really firm, and I had always been nervous about getting butt-fucked until Roger showed me this new way. But he wants to get back to writing now. Hope you all dig!

So that night, Bets and I brought our load of rare prime rib and trimmings into the house. I work for a construction company and had borrowed an extralarge tarpaulin to spread across the living-room floor. We dimmed the lights, gulped some wine and stripped down to nothing. I kissed my girl and licked my way down her flat tummy to her twat. Two fingers easily slid inside her magic box and, while I sucked her half-inch clit, Betsy poured blood-red wine down her belly and into my waiting mouth. I grabbed the bottle from her (continued on page 37)



"C'mon, baby-free Willy!"









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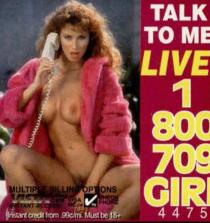
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LETTERS

(continued from page 31)

sticky, little fingers and spread her cunt wide open. I poured the vino into her pink chalice and slurped the hearty burgundy from her tasty snatch. I stuck my tongue inside her puss as far as my face would allow and tongue-fucked that pussy until Bets was squirming like a stepped-on worm.

It was time for the main course. I ripped the foil off the beef and shoved a hunk of rare meat down my baby's throat. Juice squirted from her mouth, which I licked from her chin like a fucking dog. I smeared her big tits with warm au jus and let the liquid drench her entire body. I sliced a five-inch-long piece of meat off and fed the hot, pink cow slab into my baby's cunt. Her body was shaking and sliding all over that slippery tarp as I pushed and pulled the beef from her vag. I left the hunk of prime rib inside her twat and wrapped my lips around that tender slice. The beef looked and tasted like her cunt, and I was eating that pink stuff inch-bymotherfucking-inch. After swallowing the meat, I pressed my face into her gaping hole and fucked her dripping labes with my chin and cheeks. Hot juice splashed my chin like Aqua Velva after a shave. Betsy was moaning like a newborn calf!

When I'd finished eating my girl's pussy, I shoved my dick inside her burning biscuit. Our bellies bashed together, warm liquid and creamy horseradish lubing our chests. Her pussy was wet with meat juice, and I fucked her tender beef like a master chef. She screamed out the first of many orgasms when I pulled my dick out of her pulpit and turned her on her belly. "It's ass-fucking time, little lady," I announced, and squeezed warm juice from a bite of prime rib into her shithole. Spreading her big, white butt with both hands, I eased my rod inside.

The tip was barely in when Betsy started screaming. "Oooh! Baby, that hurts!" she groaned. I shoved the dinner bone into her mouth to shut her up.

While she whimpered like an unfed seal, I shoved more of my dick inside that tight ass and slowly started pumping. Betsy licked her bone like a cock while I increased my speed, shredding those sphincters with my shaft. My girl reached underneath and began diddling her clit, while I poured more wine down the side of her face. She was a filthy fucking hunk of meat herself, and I felt like a farmer during slaughter.

"Spread your ass with both hands,"

I demanded. "I want to see my dick better."

She reached behind and spread those cheeks, her sharp, red fingernails digging into her butt flesh. My dick was bright red from the pressure of her anus. I pulled my prick from her tiny hole and ordered her to keep the asshole open.

"Don't breathe!" I demanded as I shot my sperm into her unclenched asshole, still spread open to the size of my dick. Gobs of white slithered into the dark tunnel, and when my next spurt kissed her cunt, she naturally shut the back door with a flinch.

When the last of my spermatozoa had drained into her bung, I took a sliver of

prime rib and stuck the meat into her ass like a conquering flag over Iwo Jima.

Betsy rolled over to lick the remaining mixture of meat juice, sperm and her own shit from the tip of my dick. "Thanks, baby," I said, running my fingers through her wine-soaked hair. She smiled and kissed my lips gently. I kissed her back. "Now clean this place up while I take a shit," I said, and walked away.

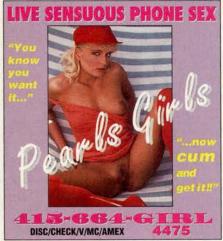
Some nights, a man's just got to take control. —R. S.

Rapid City, South Dakota

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.













HUSTLER'S ARTAID SEX

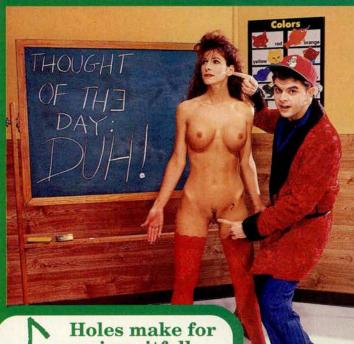
Surefire tips to turn a Group Home into a Swing Palace

Meet HUSTLER writer Selwyn Harris: marginal mental retard and living proof that Larry Flynt hires all kinds.

"When Harris first arrived, he was a drooling imbecile," explains HUSTLER Executive Editor Allan MacDonell. "None of that's changed, but at least we've been able to teach him how to get laid."

The following educational primer was shot on location at the Happyland Home for Friggin' Retards. Adhere to these instructions in full, and even the most profoundly afflicted sump-forbrains can attain the joy of orgasm in the company of a woman.

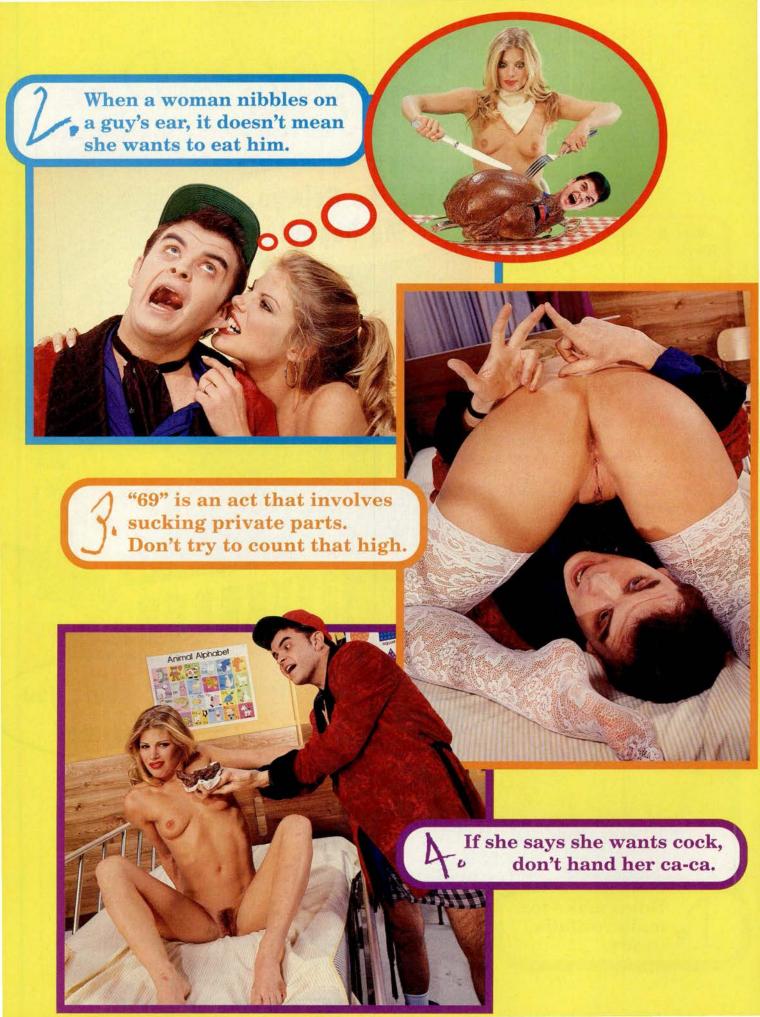




Hey, can't you hear me?

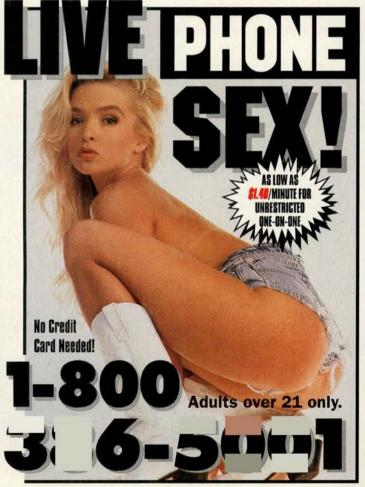
Holes make for major pitfalls in sex.

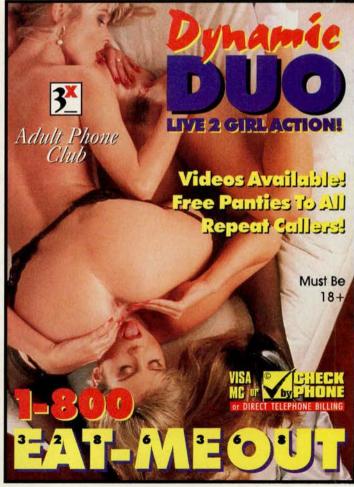
Remember, the ear is the orifice to talk into; the pussy is for fucking.













Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

PLAYING Guys Who ACT GAY to GET LAID FOR PINK

by Selwyn Harris

Under the dramatic light of a harvest moon, Private Stanton made his "confession." A first-year plebe at a military academy, he sauntered across the campus, seemingly beset by a crisis so dire he dare not divulge even a hint of its nature. By his side was pretty Sergeant Debra Dimmons, a nurse who'd noticed Stanton's apparent unrest at a Friday-night mixer. After much coaxing, Private Stanton agreed to leave the dance with her in order to discuss whatever it was that was weighing so heavily on his mind.

"You need to trust me," Sergeant Dimmons implored, "no matter how awful you think this problem is. I work in the field of medicine; so there isn't any shock I haven't already had." To help relax him. Dimmons stroked the side of Stanton's face with a gentle, reassuring touch, and added, "I promise."

The cadet squeezed his eyes shut, and in a tear-choked voice pled, "Oh, why can't things be the way they used to? Why did I join this lousy 'man's Army' anyway? Back in high school I was totally normal. Girls were all over me; it was so cool! But now ... everything's ruined!"

"Oh, Rodney, what's ruined? What?"

Hanging his face in shame, Private Stanton muttered, "I just figured if they weren't gonna ask, I wouldn't have to tell; but Sergeant Dimmons—I mean, Debbie—ever since I've been here, surrounded all the time by nothing but men-eating with them, sleeping with them, and, worst of all, showering with them—I think I might be starting to develop..." he gulped hard, "...tendencies."

The heaving soldier collapsed into the medic's nurturing arms.

Before 06:00 the next morning, he would fuck each of

the barracks with her for a few more go-rounds. Everything had gone just as planned.

Private Stanton was a masterful military strategist. By posing as a queer in Army green, he played off of Sergeant Dimmons's healing instincts. Upon graduation, Rodney Stanton went on to a successful career in Army intelligence, specializing in covert infiltration. Throughout his long and honorable service, he continued to get tons of tail by pretending he was about to go homo.

Rodney Stanton retired a heterosexual hero.

For the straight male, masquerading as a man-wholoves-men in order to cull a frugging from a woman-wholoves-men is among the most effective attraction tactics ever devised. Why, then, does it rank below self-mutilation and even suicide in its frequency of use? Dr. Allen B. Fischell, author of Swish Your Way to the Perfect Lay: The Straight Man's Guide to Bagging Broads by Pretending to Pack Fudge, thinks the reason is simple. "Who the hell wants to be thought of as a faggot?" he asks. "In nearly every modern-day society, the male homosexual is relegated to severe outsider status," explains the doctor. "In spite of the deceptive prevalence in the United States today of 'political correctness' and the continuous lauding of gays in the media, one visit to any schoolyard will illustrate the unchanging plight of the sissyboy. We are conditioned to feel hostility toward buggery-oriented males very early in our development."

What of gay females?

"Lesbians are different," the good doctor asserts.

Dr. Fischell contends that a shared standing as secondclass citizens accounts for the bond many women feel with

"The experience of contemporary women is very much in keeping with that of gay men," he says. "Each group knows oppression and discrimination; each must work inordinately hard to be recognized by the white-male power structure; and, at the most profound level, all any of them are looking for is a hard cock to squat on. That being so, women have far more in common with the sodomite than with the average joe."

Standing in front of his expansive, meticulously kept collection of Judy Garland recordings, the trained expert advises: "Once the average joe realizes this connection, he can appropriate the outward ways of the sodomite—no mean feat for the regular male ego. But having adopted a gay persona, he has an in with chicks that's better than a limit-free gold card and a plantainsize johnson. Trust me: I've studied Rip Taylor and

Richard Simmons extensively and found they each get access to more pussy than all the members of Pearl Jam combined."

Noted Manhattan sexologist Erin Danville agrees with Dr. Fischell's basic premise, but questions his ethics. "Women turn to friendship with gay men in times of dire

(continued on page 47)

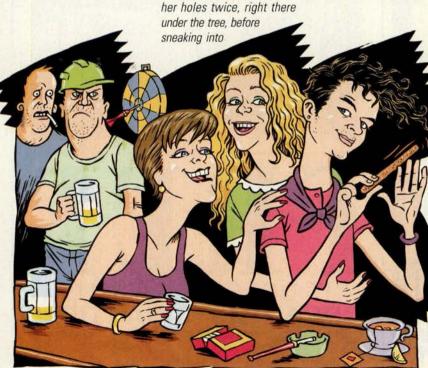
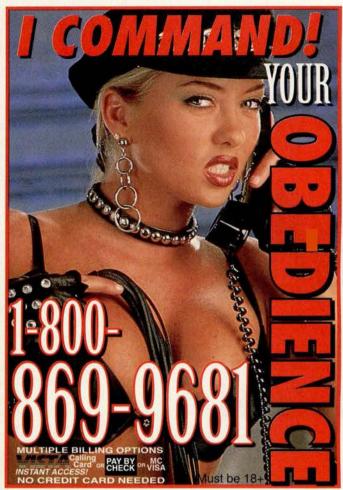
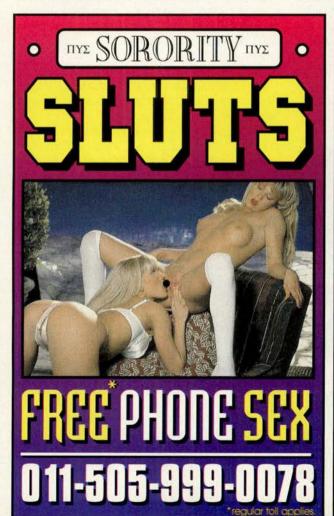


Illustration by Danny Hellman









The Fist Is Life. The Man Is an Ass. The Studio Profits Are Some Hot Shit.

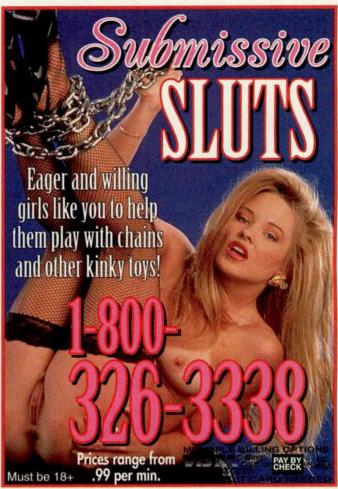
- "I clenched until it hurt."
- -Vincent Canbeprobed, New York Behind-the-Times
- "I knelt there spellbound."
- -Rex Ream, A Closet Somewhere in New York
- "Two Knuckles Up!"
- -Sissy & Eberlord
- "Spielberg digs deep into the souls of movie watchers and comes up smelling like a turd."
- -Leonard Malt Head, Entertainment Via Publicist's Tonight
- "Spielberg's only flaw is too much lubrication." —Gene Shitless, *The Today We Suck Ass Show*

CDILI DLDCC	Year of Release	
	MERCADOLINA	STATE OF ACT
	1971	
	1972	100000000000000000000000000000000000000
Vage	1973	(19)正位为45000000000000000000000000000000000000
e Sugarland Express	1974	11,700,00
	1975	458,000,06
Cle e Et : lers of the Third Kind	1977	165,000,000
19.	1979	29,000,00
Ra er of he Lost Ark	1981	342,000,000
Th E ra Terrestrial	1982	701,100,000
Tw Tkh 2 e: The Movie	1983	45,000,000
Ip s in the Temple of Doom	1984	325,000,000
The Color Purple	1985	142,500,000
Empire of the Sun	1987	66,500,000
Indiana Jones Last Crusade	1989	494,800,000
Always	1989	74,400,000
Hook	1991	296,000,000
Jurassic Park	1993	860,000,000
Schindler's List	1993	10,000,000
	TOTAL	\$4,021,000,000



UNIVERSAL SPHINCTER AND PREPARATION H PRESENT "SPIELBERG'S FIST"













(continued from page 43) neediness," she notes. "They seek the attention of a male who seems especially sensitive and nonthreatening, who doesn't appear to be trying to approach them in the predatory, sexual manner they're accustomed to from their straight counterparts. Dr. Fischell apparently urges his subjects to take advantage of women in this

vulnerable position and, through deception, exploit them for selfish, almost mean-spirited gratification."

"Bingo," Dr. Fischell responds to such a charge.

Percival Hancock (real name: Butch Schultz) purports to be a living example of the Fischell technique's efficacy. In a hissy voice prone to squealing, Hancock states, "Back when I was a big, bad construction worker, sugar, I'd hoot and holler when any girl passed by the site. Never once did any of those sweetums take me up on my offers. Night after night, I'd jerk off into my hard hat all by my lonesome. Fortunately, a work-related head injury landed me in the hospital where I read Dr. Fischell's book, changing my luck forever!"

As Hancock stirs numerous Sweet'N Low packets into his lukewarm chamomile tea (a complicated activity due to the extreme limpness of his wrist), he lisps further, "Once I saw that the road to twatsville was paved with the pages of Honcho, I decided my days behind the bolt-thrower were over. I enrolled at a beauty school I saw advertised during soap operas, got certified in hairdressing and pedicure, and have been surrounded by scads of the most trusting, easily manipulated women ever since. 'Make me feel beautiful,' they cry out. Don't worry, I think to myself, I'll make you feel...beautiful!"

Hancock's devices are fruitful but complicated. Adopting the affects of the anally inclined has influenced his reputation among those who knew him in manlier times. "Sometimes if I set out for a stroll between dye jobs and manicures," he says, "my old work crew might catch sight of me. Oh, they'll sneer at my Gucci slippers or toss a few industrial nails my way. Fine with me. While those bruisers are home adjusting their lug wrenches around their miniscule pricks, some hot housewife who considers me the only man she can really open up to is doing just that-opening her legs wide with confidence that she'll be the one who can finally 'bring me around.' Well, around and around I go, baby, and I haven't been cured yet! We'll just have to keep trying."

A female perspective on the make-like-a-'mo phenomenon is offered by Lana Gulliver, a 19-year-old college sophomore who happens to have mouth-wateringly gigantic breasts. "I didn't really

meet any gay men until I went away to school," she attests. "At first I thought they were perverts upon whom AIDS was visited directly from the loins of the Virgin Mary herself—my family is somewhat religious—but ever since getting to know those first few gay neighbors in my dorm, I can say in all honesty that some of my best friends are men who have more of a lust for penis than I do. Being able to boast that is very liberating. In fact, everything about keeping company with the campus queens, as they call themselves, is very liberating."

How so? "Because even though they suck each other's balls and stuff," she says, "gays offer some insight into the otherwise totally baffling world of the male psyche." After refitting what must be an F-cup bra, she continues, "And all they seek in return is your friendship. Sex never darkens the picture. It's a real blessing for a girl as hugely endowed as I am to be able to hang out with guys who aren't staring at my tits when I talk or trying to get their hands on them. I'm very thankful for my feminized male friends."

She cites, for example, a cohort of hers who calls himself Stanley the Pansy. "Before meeting me, he was just plain old Stan," the astonishingly ample coed explains. "I'm proud to say that I helped Stanley break free of the closet he was trapped in. Declaring his alternative sexuality was an act of both courage and freedom; at last

he seems comfortable with who he really is—he's Stanley the Pansy! He chose to divulge his secret to me first, he said, because I seemed so motherly. And to think, when he was still in denial, sweet little Stanley the Pansy tried to pass himself off as a 'tit man'—subscribing to magazines like BUSTY BEAUTIES and lining his walls with the covers of old Dolly Parton albums—it's really quite sad."

Was Dr. Fischell's tome stashed somewhere amid Stan's "tit-man disguise kit"? Gulliver elaborates on the nature of their current relations. "Stanley's emergence from his previous life of lies was extremely painful for him-I used to have to cradle him in my naked bosom for hours on end-but ultimately, it was completely worth it for the both of us. We're so much closer now. We chat and gossip and bitch about our guy problems together, and sometimes if we're cuddling up late at night, I know the hard-on raging between his legs is for his math professor, and that's who he's dreaming of in case he sticks it in me while he's asleep. It's all so innocent. Besides that, I never would have trusted Stanley to give me my daily breastcancer exam back when he was creepy, hetero Stan; nor would I have been able to enjoy the marathon hot-oil chest massages he treats me to every night after class. Men like Stanley have the best hands, you know."

Not to mention the best scam going.



"Your uterus is showing."



Requiem FOR A Mind A MADHOUSE STAFFER CRACKS UP

FINAL ACCOUNT BY LINDA ROSSI AND STEVEN R.

Trying to bring relief to the snake pit, a helping hand gets bitten and succumbs to the poison of madness.

Illustration by Steven Johnson

Madhouse

Speckles of red streaked the tile walls. Three burly orderlies attempted to restrain two naked patients, one of whom waved bloodstained fists. The mouth of the other was a scarlet gash.

The desk supported a vase of freshly cut flowers. An ugly, stooped bastard removed a videocassette from the drawer. Across the wide-screen TV appeared the robotic acrobatics of a sub-par smut ménage à trois.

I was seated on a black-leather sofa. Turning to me in a stomach-curdling travesty of seduction, the hideously warped caricature of a man announced, "First, I'll take my teeth out and suck on some crushed ice. Then I'll give you the best head you ever had in your life."

What better site for this degrading scene than a board-and-care facility for the mentally ill? I'd been working two weeks as activities director at the asylum. It was a job I couldn't afford to lose. Whether or not I could afford to lose my mind was another story.

I'd arrived early the morning of my first day of work. I wanted to get a long, first look at the building. The untidy courtyard was littered with cigarette butts and discarded candy wrappers. A single patient stood in the garden—a man who kept muttering like a parrot, "This place

is the devil's workshop. It has hate all over it."

Near the lobby receptionist was a locked door featuring a small window at eye level. From time to time, a face peered out to stare at me.

A slim man with a slight frame introduced himself as Derek, the head nurse of the facility. Derek announced that he would be accompanying me in an orientation session.

He motioned to the receptionist, who pressed a button located under her desk. The locked door opened, revealing an ill-lit hallway with pictures of clowns on the walls. There was an overwhelming odor of cheap food, stale air and soiled clothing. Feeling like a graveyard rat about to scurry inside a fetid tunnel, I stepped within.

Psychotic behavior in Biblical times was thought to be the manifestation of God's wrath against those who transgressed against Him.

At the close of the 18th century, the mentally ill lived like zoo animals in cages, often chained to the walls. Science

and the Church regarded them as hybrid creatures—part human and part beast, part devil and part divine.

A popular family outing in England at the time was to visit the infamous asylum called Bedlam, where parents and children paid an admission fee for the pleasure of watching the mad act crazy.

At the nurses' station, a pajama-clad man was being restrained while a nurse prepared an injection. Sitting on the floor nearby, a middle-aged woman clutched a doll and wept. I had applied and been accepted for the post of activities counselor. My responsibilities included assisting the residents with personal hygiene. I was to hand out razors to the men and monitor their shaving.

Derek gave me razors, towels and shaving cream and told me to watch the men shave. Within moments I heard yelling from the direction of the men's showers, where a dozen nude men stood, dripping wet, in puddles of dirty water. The stalls were filthy; speckles of red streaked the tile walls. Three burly orderlies attempted to restrain two naked patients, one of whom waved bloodstained fists. The mouth of the other was a scarlet gash.

"What's going on?" I asked a patient who was sitting in a half-filled bathtub, laughing uncontrollably. Scabs covered his chest. Protruding from his balding head were warts the shape of cauliflowers.

"Blowjobs," he guffawed. "André wanted oral sex, but Larry wasn't in the mood."

I was told to observe how a counselor named Byron handled the group session. The patients of Group 4—Byron's group—sat in a circle in the Occupational Therapy [OT] room.

"We have a new counselor today," began Byron. "Since it's Steve's first time with us, I'd like you to introduce yourselves and tell the group why you're here."

"I'm Stuart," said a weary man whose eyes barely rose above dark shadows under his lids. "I hear voices in my head—Jesus, Samson, Hitler, Marx and Eichmann. They haven't stopped talking since the operation on my kidney. I was 18 when my kidney stopped, and now I'm 30."

"I don't know why I'm here!" shouted the man next to speak, whose name was Victor. I recognized him as the man I had seen in the garden upon my arrival.

"This place is the devil's workshop!" said Victor angrily. "I hate myself. My parents hate me. I don't know why I

(continued on page 58)

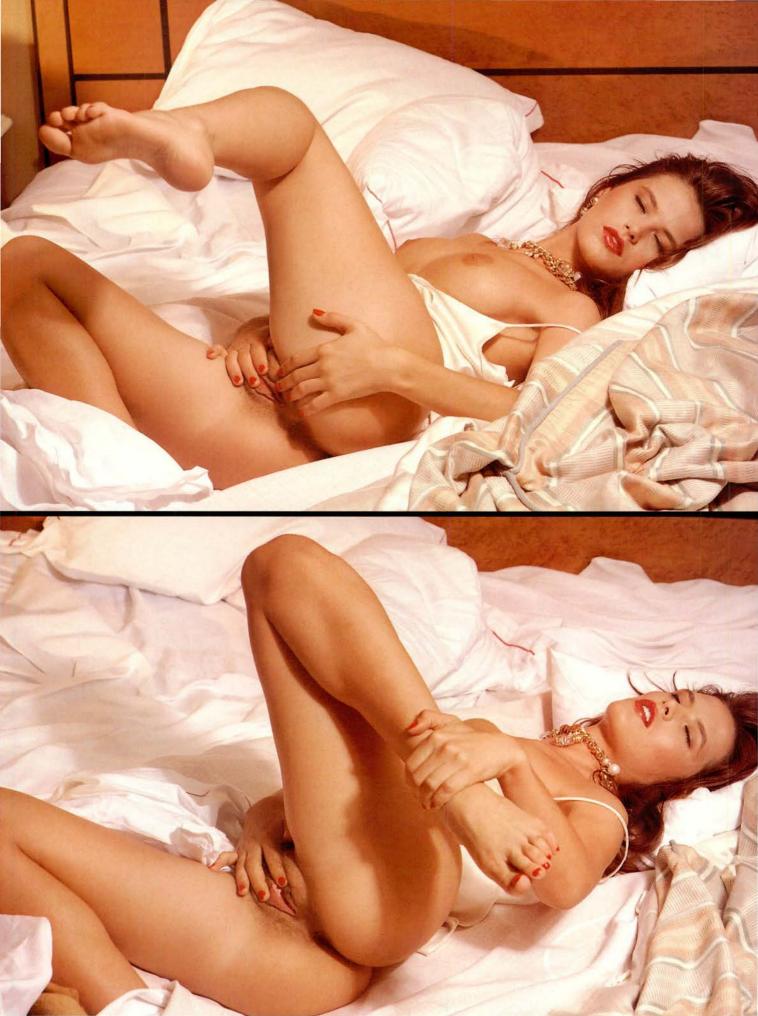




"No, this is Lavonia—and the onliest thing I know about sex is I ain't gettin' any...."













"I'm Cathy," she said. "My mother's boyfriend took my womanhood. He raped me. I was 12. I got pregnant. I didn't want the baby; so I smothered it and threw it in the trash."

was born. Satan is inside of me."

"Why do you say the same things over and over, Victor?" Byron demanded. "Why do you always stress the negative and never see anything positive about your life?"

"'Cause I feel like shit," Victor said.
"This place is the pits of Hell, and nothing good can ever come from here!"

Clutching her doll, the woman I'd spotted in the nurses' station spoke up. She wore a blue housecoat. Her makeup looked as if it had been applied by a five-year-old child.

"I'm Cathy," she said. "My mother's boyfriend took my womanhood. He raped me. I was 12. I got pregnant. I didn't want the baby; so I smothered it and threw it in the trash."

A man named John told the group that he went to a party and woke up in the hospital three days later.

"My friends boiled some magic mushrooms in a pot of water," John explained. "I drank the entire quart. I was 18. I'm 21 years old now and still hear music in my head, but the voices are slowly going away."

Schizophrenia is a psychiatric disorder affecting up to one percent of the world population in all cultures. The disease is characterized by a splintering of thought content. The most common symptoms associated with the disorder are delusions, irrational fears and hallucinations. The onset of schizophrenia is most likely linked to stress.

Residents were admitted at the cafeteria one at a time for lunch.

I sat at a table near the center of the dining room. The table appeared to have been wiped with a greasy rag. The silverware was half-washed.

A patient named Scott hobbled to my table. Scott's forehead was dented by a bullet still lodged in his brain. When he first entered the facility, Scott told everyone he was the unintended target of a drive-by shooter. However, he later admitted that he had tried to kill himself because a cocaine addiction was ruining his life. The bullet would remain in his head for the rest of his life. Removing it would cause greater damage than leaving it.

Across the table, Tony suddenly shouted, "I'm not gonna take that generic Prolixin! If they force me to take it, I'll jump through the window! I've done it before!"

AUDIT CENTER

CONTER

"Cigars, cigarettes...knee pads...K-Y Jelly...?"

Tony had tried to kill himself by jumping through a plate-glass window. One Sunday morning he attempted to electrocute himself by holding two live wires in his hands. He passed out and unknowingly released the wires before the jolt of current could melt his internal organs.

Every day, according to sociologists, 80 people in the United States attempt suicide. The causes of self-destruction are as complex as the people who commit the act and may lie both within the individual (psychological) and outside the individual (sociological).

People who survive attempts at suicide tend to be young, female and impulsive. Those who succeed at killing themselves are most often older men using highly lethal techniques of self-destruction, such as handguns or leaps from tall buildings. A person who threatens suicide should always be taken seriously, because most people who do commit suicide leave clues to their intentions ahead of time.

At the water fountain, Cathy was washing the hands and face of her doll. Seeing me approach, she looked down at her doll and whispered, "Do you think we should tell him?" After pausing, as if waiting for the doll to reply, Cathy told me she had been to the beauty salon. The counselor of Group 8, a man called the Reverend, ran the asylum's beauty salon. There Cathy claimed to have seen the Reverend and one of the center's male patients engaged in anal intercourse.

Dumbfounded, I was kept from replying when Victor arrived and pushed Cathy aside, insisting that the devil was inside him.

I grabbed Victor by the shoulders, looked him in the eye and said, "The devil is inside me too. But we can rid ourselves of this evil. We'll go to the cafeteria and get a large kitchen knife. We will each cut off one of our legs and drain the devil's blood from our bodies!" Victor stared at me in silence. "What's the matter? You're not scared, are you?" I asked.

Victor turned and walked away. For the next few hours, he didn't say a word.

Music was playing on the stereo in the OT room. Snacks were served. A skinny black woman, puffing away on a cigarette, sat beside me. Her name was Yvonne. "I didn't mean to shoot my husband in the head," she confided. "Did you know I was the snake in the Garden of Eden?"

An orderly asked me if I was the counselor who had handed out razors that morning. I said I was. He led me to the

(continued on page 68)



"Apparently the white female requested that he perform cunnilingus, and he simply laughed himself to death."

NDBRAD

Daredevil
carnival assistant Dyanna knows how
to beat the odds of being a human bull's-eye: making
sure knife-toss terror Brad scores more offstage than on.
"You better believe I show him other ways to poke me
than with a knife!" says the glittering blond
showstopper, stroking the silky-smooth
results of a recent close shave. "It may
look like a game, but it's serious business. He hits the target every time!"



























Stuart ended the voices in his head by committing suicide. He was found in his mother's house with a gunshot through the head. Beside him was a note that read: "I've been soiled by the Reverend."

nurses' station, where a patient named Arnold sat, bandages soaked with blood around his wrists. The nurses said he'd taken one of the razors I'd given him back to his room and tried to kill himself.

"It's all right," said the bigger nurse calmly. "This is Arnold's 20th try. Just be sure to count the razors from now on and make sure they're all returned."

There was to be a devotional service in the cafeteria. Candles burned on a makeshift altar. A Bible and crucifix were on the table. A patient sitting at the piano resembled a hunchbacked Abraham Lincoln in a black, long-tailed suit coat. Patients filled the room. A middle-aged man sat beside me. His name was Danny; he told me he was cured and preparing to leave the hospital.

"That's Ida," he said, pointing to a woman nearby. "Ten years ago, she was working as a trapeze artist in a circus. She fell 50 feet and landed on her head."

A man sitting silently by himself, said Danny, had worked in vaudeville—singing and telling jokes. One night he got home from work and found his mother with a gentleman friend. He went out of control, threw the man out and beat his mother to death with a hammer.

An extremely overweight black woman

with bright-orange hair entered the room.

"That's Thelma," said Danny. "She and the Reverend run a church outside the asylum, strictly on donations."

Looking at Thelma, I recalled Cathy, clutching her doll and talking about the Reverend's alleged misconduct in the beauty salon.

"That's Hector," said Danny, pointing to a Mexican orderly with a tattoo of Jesus Christ on his arm. "He beats the patients when he gets mad."

The man called the Reverend entered the room. He was dressed in a long, flowing robe and stood more than six feet tall. His eyes and skin were almost as black as his robe. He wore his matted hair slicked back with grease. His smooth complexion was covered with a layer of makeup, and his full lips were outlined with black pencil.

The hunchback at the piano struck up "Rock of Ages."

"Jesus loves you!" shouted the Reverend, removing the microphone from the stage and walking down the aisles among the strange congregation. Patients reached out their hands, eager to touch him, as if hoping to be saved. "Repent, all ye sinners. To walk with the Lord is to know the Lord," said the

Reverend, who reached out and touched Stuart. "My child, you shall be saved. Stuart, can you hear Jesus?"

"Yes, I hear Jesus," replied Stuart. "I also hear Samson, Hitler and the others."

"Only I can save you with the power of Jesus Christ!" proclaimed the Reverend. "You should hear only Jesus. These other voices are a distraction from Satan. If you follow my teachings, you will be cleansed and healed completely!"

Patients hugged and kissed each other while filing out. I stayed until the room cleared, sitting alone in the cafeteria.

I felt my shoulder being softly shaken. A gentle whisper in my ear asked, "Do you like what you see?"

Ten years had elapsed since that unsettling first day at the asylum.

Danny went home and got a job at the library. Yvonne—who claimed to be the snake in the Garden of Eden—had tried to kill another patient by hitting her over the head with a chair. The Reverend was discharged and later prosecuted.

During the investigation, it was discovered that during his ten years at the asylum, he lured these inmates to his church, sedated them and performed assorted, perverted sexual acts.

Stuart ended the voices in his head by committing suicide. He was found in his mother's house with a gunshot through the head. Beside him was a note that read: "I've been soiled by the Reverend."

Hector, the orderly who allegedly beat up patients, was, like me, still there.

"Do you like what you see?"

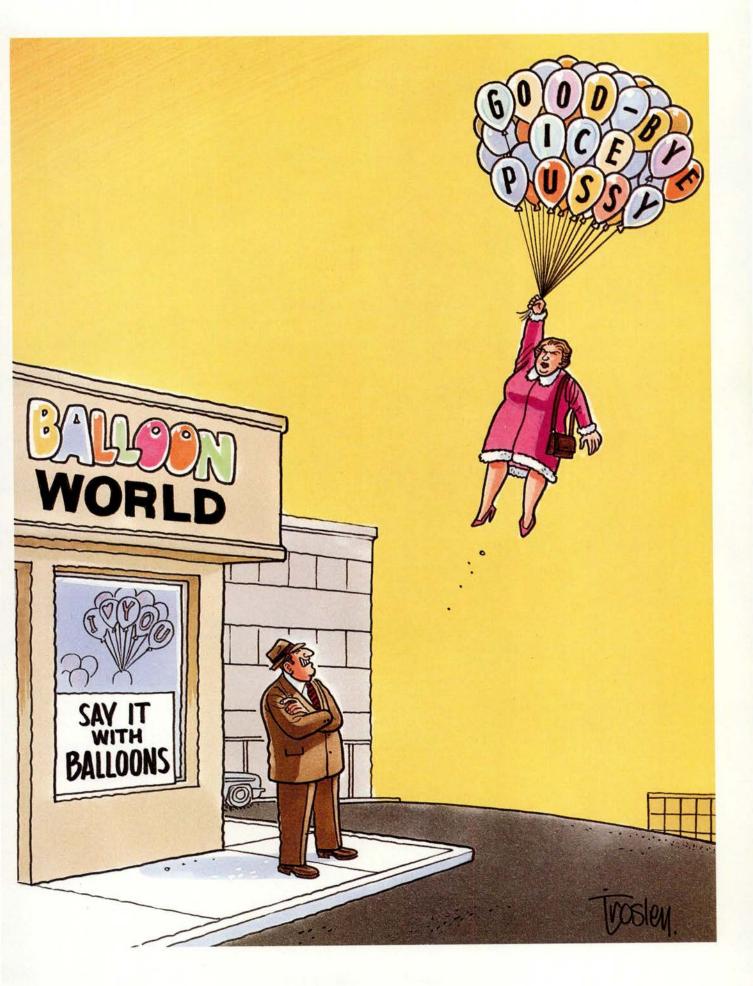
The ugly knotted man once again asked me this question. I didn't answer. The video ménage à trois played on. I looked at the two guinea pigs locked up nearby. Excrement dripped over the sides of their cage. The sight reminded me of one patient's habit of publicly executing bowel movements in the outside courtyard, and I felt overwhelming despair. I alone could never help anyone.

I sank deeper into the sofa and watched three men fulfilling their sexual fantasies with each other on the video monitor, and became aware of my full erection as I glanced toward the program director at the mental-health facility—my boss. His eyes were riveted on my masculinity. His sagging double chin came nearer to me, as did his calloused, pudgy hands, with fingernails chewed down to the quick. He smiled as he eased toward the couch.

I held my breath. He squatted on his knees in front of me, and I spread my legs. Wider. Wider. There was no use resisting. I could no longer remember a time when I'd felt I didn't belong.



"My, you certainly do have a premature-ejaculation problem, don't you?"







The A Lists: Silla libu's Leaf Cons

Compiled by Christian Shapiro

The man behind the **cum-saturated** total nastiness of Anabolic Video recounts 20 honey slots and money shots that have stuck in his mind.

Photography by Ladi von Jansky

"I brought a girl to the hotel that would not by usual standards be considered overly attractive. My roommate was like, 'How could you fuck her?' I just told him, 'She had great nipples.'"

Biff Malibu began his sojourn into video-sex depravity more than ten years ago, sitting still for an unproductive blowjob in HUSTLER's Video Magazine One. During the ensuing decade, Malibu proved to be a reliable fount of onscreen jizz, shooting geysers with the regularity of Old Faithful in dozens of high-dissolution adult entertainments.

Aside from gonads that gush on command, Biff had a vision. Making porn flicks didn't look too difficult. He could probably do it himself. He'd make more money, and have exactly the fun he wanted to have. The result? Anabolic Video, a line of pro-am fuckfests, gangbangs, lesbian debuts, mondo-sex adventures and totally nasty features. Malibu's product is fought over by HUSTLER's adult-film reviewers.

We wanted to find out what floats Biff's boat. Mr. Malibu furnished us with two fully annotated ten-best lists, both in no particular order, one compiling his favorite jizz-business women, the other comprising the ten most memorable sex scenes of the Malibu career.

BIFF'S CRITERIA: Some girls have a face that'll knock me over; other girls, how can you miss their bust line? Then others have incredible butts. If you look at somebody, you can find something that you'll appreciate. Once when I was doing an exotic dance tour, I brought a girl to the hotel that would not by usual standards be considered overly attractive. My roommate was like, "How could you fuck her?" I just told him, "She had great nipples."

There are some drop-dead beautiful girls-if your readers opened up the magazine and saw that girl, it would be instant hard-on. But if they had to spend five minutes in a room with her, that hard-on would turn inside out. A lot of the people in this industry are nothing more than gold-digging women. They capitalize on their beauty to such an extent they have no values. You see a pretty girl on the video box cover, and the viewer says, "She's gorgeous; I've got to rent this video; I've got to buy it even." They take it home, and the girl is looking at her watch the whole time. She's saying, "You've already spent 20 minutes on the scene. I want my check. I've gotta get to the mall." It's really sad. To me, inner beauty far exceeds any outer beauty. If someone's an asshole when they're 20, they'll probably be a cranky old asshole when they're 50. One of these beautiful girls, by the time she's 50, she'll be wrinkled up like the rest of us, and she'll be a wrinkled-up bitch, as opposed to somebody that wasn't as pretty when she was younger, who's a caring, loving, giving soul.

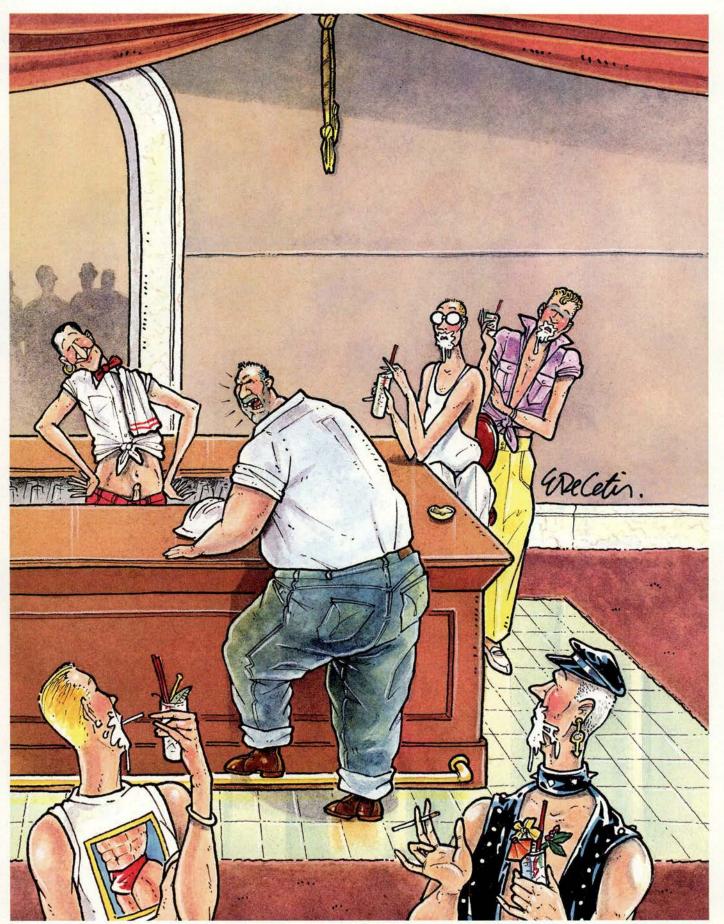
HUSTLER: Who are your ten favorites? BARBARA DARE: She's athletic. She lives near the beach, where I do. Every time I talk with her, she seems very honest and very real. So many girls feed you a line, especially the ones that are looking for work. It's like, "Oh, you're so cute; you're so nice." Let's face it; most of us men are easily manipulated with our egos. Barbara's retired; so she's got no reason to work me. She says hi, and she's real. She'll tell you what she thinks. She's a beautiful girl and, from what I see, that's inside as well as out.

ALICYN STERLING: Blond, and she's got large areolas. Big breasts you've gotta look at. The first time I saw her, she was working with Jake Steed. Basically, she loves huge cocks. I thought, Oh well. That sort of category, I don't fall into. As it turned out, somebody booked me for something on her, like the Roman walking into the lions. The scene went great, and either she was an exceptional actress that day, or she had a lot of fun too. Most women are pretty good at faking us guys out. I was watching one scene with somebody not in the industry. There was a girl doing a very bad job of faking it. And the guy was like, "Wow, look at her come!" I was thinking, You're an idiot. A lot of the public is gullible enough to believe that a lot of the girls are having the best time of their lives when they're waiting to get their checks so they can go to the mall.

SELENA STEELE: When we shot her in Gang Bang Girl numbers seven and eight, she was there to do a job, but she didn't let the job interfere with her having fun. Watch the videos; she's having a great time. I talked to her at the Cannes Film Festival and mentioned that I'd love to shoot her after we came back to L.A. I told her it would be a gang-bang scenario. The press is mixed on gang-bangs. Some people make it seem disgusting and degrading, and that a girl with any selfrespect would never do one. Some of the women look at it as a challenge, or as a genuine turn-on. "Wow, that many cocks; I'd be in heaven." To a girl with a big sexual appetite, being surrounded (continued on page 82)



"I dunno. She just fainted."



"Hey! What's a guy gotta do to get a goddamn drink around here?"



Fear of heights never stopped Galveston, Texas's high-stepping Wendy from reaching out to touch the sky. What's her motivation?

"Total freedom!" Wendy breezes, strutting her stuff on the highest point overlooking the bay. "Up here there are no rules, no limits and no telling what the wind will bring next!"

Safely back on the ground, Wendy's got a wild look in her eyes.

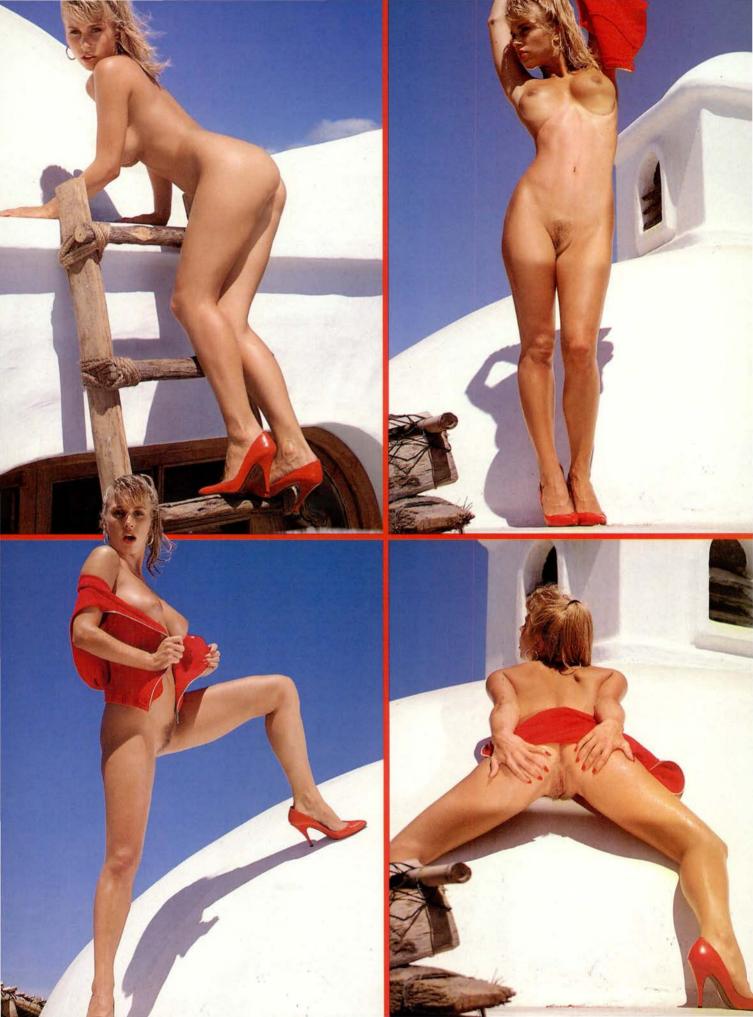
The girl's still flying.















Biff Malibu

"At one point, Nick asked Alex, 'Say, can you bring me over some lube?' He meant out of a bottle of Astroglide. She comes over, grabs his cock and spits on it."

by that many guys is loving life.

SIERRA: We just shot Gang Bang 12 with Sierra. She did a DP for us, and this girl loves sex. You go to pay her, and Sierra's like, "Whatever you think is fair." It's so refreshing, as opposed to the ones that go, "Well, I charge extra if I kiss the guy; I charge extra if he touches my tits." I won't hire those girls; they're not real. Sierra's got that young, innocent thing working. Sierra's eyes are large and doe-like, which lends to the possible illusion of innocence. She did a scene with I think ten guys on a pool table. There's nothing shy or meek or coy about her. As the third scene of the day, some of the guys were coming in at half-mast. And yet all ten guys in Sierra's scene were at full glory. She had no problem bringing that out in the guys.

GINGER THOMAS: Ginger Thomas falls into the category of an overwhelming abundance of inner beauty. The woman loves sex, period. Reddish hair, 5-9, she's got a little height. Small breasts. She's maybe shooting her own amateur stuff in Tennessee currently. In the course of our scene, she must have said,

"Oh God!" 100 times. Maybe she was stroking my male ego, but I believed it. She won amateur performer of the year; that indicates other people thought she had plenty of sexual energy also.

NIKKI DIAL: I'm a sucker for that young, sweet, innocent look. Nikki can also pull off a very sophisticated, glamorous look. Put her in gym clothes, and she looks incredibly sexy. Put her in an elegant evening gown, and she looks like a runway model. Nikki Dial's breasts are natural. There is an overemphasis in the industry on getting girls to inflate. Women end up basing their self-worth on how many CCs of silicone they're carrying around in their body. I've seen girls that look better because of surgery, but you get the ones that go to an extreme. Girls have their tits done three times or more. Enough's enough. Just because you spend another \$5,000 on more surgery doesn't mean you'll get an extra \$5,000 back. I've heard girls at the shows talking: "I've got 700 CCs; so I should get more money than so and so. She's only got 550 CCs.'

ALEX JORDAN: Another woman who I

rate highly, from a standpoint of sexual energy. I've seen her in some video things where she hasn't been entirely into it, and it'll show. I've also seen her in private life, where everybody is in let's-play-and-have-fun mode, and she's right up there. If she could relax more on camera, she would do better. She's athletic, and she's got a propensity for liking girls. She looks like she should be a gym teacher. I think she won new performer of the year last year. If she wants to have fun, she will, and fuck you if you get in her way.

HYAPATIA LEE: I had a hard-on for Hyapatia Lee for so long. I've always loved dark-haired women, dark eyes. So I've always thought Hyapatia was incredibly sexy and on it. Paul Thomas gave me the opportunity to work with her. I guess reality can't ever live up to fantasy. It's weird the way that works. You'd think I'd be holding back the whole scene; instead, I found myself struggling. I could sit there and look into her eyes, which are incredible. Sure, you can look at tits, ass, but you get the eyes going, and that just makes it more intense. So Hyapatia certainly ranks.

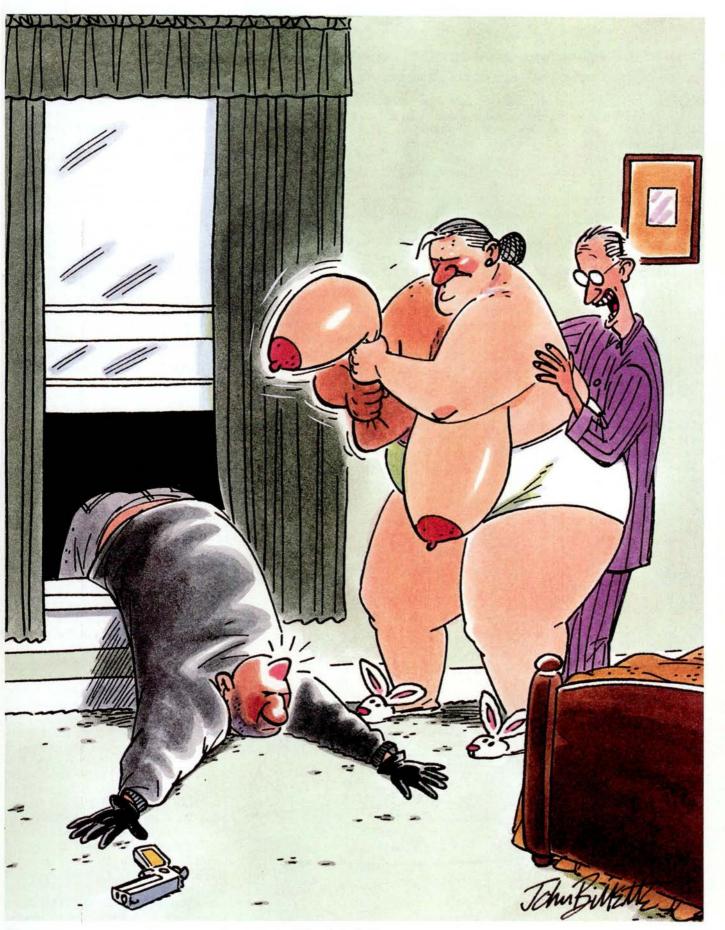
FRANCESCA LE: She'll probably sign with Anabolic. Again, brunet, dark hair, dark eyes. She's petite, somebody that's natural. And a lust for life as well as a lust for sex. She's scheduled to be *Gang Bang Girl Number 13*. She's on the cover of two Buffy Malibu boxes, and she photographs really well. She's incredibly nasty, and she's got a good brain on her. She doesn't take shit. I'll see more of that as I negotiate a contract with her. Some guys like subservient women versus dominant women, and she picks up either cue equally well, but she knows what she wants, and she won't hesitate to let you know.

LYDIA CHANEL: She's on the cover of a Gang Bang Girl. She's a brunette, she's petite, and I think she's half Italian and half Egyptian. Lydia was staying with Ed Powers when she was over here. He was telling me stories that didn't surprise me. She'd wake him up in the middle of the night, put his hand on her stuff and expect him to start in on her. Most guys prefer to be awakened by that rather than by someone in curlers screaming, "Take out the trash." Ron Jeremy, Tony Tedeschi and somebody else were trading off strokes in her ass, and she wasn't blinking. A lot of girls do the, "Ooh, go slow. Ouch, you're hurting me." She's like, "No problem." That's the European energy that comes with anal. Over here, it's a way of making more money. Over there, it's part of being sexual.



BIFF'S TEN BEST VIDEO ACTIVITIES

ACCIDENT BONE: Ginger Thomas. I crashed my car that afternoon, and it was



"Good work, Emma!"

"The director was freaking. 'Get closer: We need the cum-shot in your mouth.' But I usually get some distance on my shots. From a couple of feet away, I hit bulls-eye right into her mouth."

major damage. I had to get picked up in the Valley, get driven back to the beach. I should have been a stress monster. I had this shoot booked, and her husband shot the scene. It went off great. I got to unleash some energy from the accident. That would be Biff Malibu's Totally Nasty, gosh, I don't know, 17 or 18.

POOL SERVICE: The scene with Alicyn Sterling. It was some lame storyline about how I was starting a psychiatry slash pool-cleaning service. So I administer some pool cleaning for her.

INSTANT RAPPORT: Alice Springs. Australian girl. This is a couple of years ago. Usually you do a little schmooze before the scene: "Hi, you're looking cute today." You stroke the girl's ego, she strokes your ego, and then you're prime to fuck. But we didn't do the schmooze stuff. It's my first time that I met her. We started into the scene, and we hadn't said ten words to each other. I guess I did a better job than most had done going down on her. She, at that point, really got into it. For a month or two after that, I'd get phone calls: "We just spoke to Alice Springs on our shoot, and she was hoping

you'd be available on the 14th." That's the ultimate compliment for a male performer.

FRENZY FUCK: Biff Malibu's Totally Nasty Number 14. Her stage name, I believe, was Theresa. Nick Rage called me up and said, "Hey, we met this new girl. She's hot. We'd like to shoot a threeway with her." I said, "Come on over." Alex Jordan came by too. I had Alex introduce the scene, "Hi, hope you guys have fun, blah, blah, blah." So I'm shooting Theresa with Mike and Nick. I look over my shoulder, and I had to pan with my camera because Alex Jordan is sitting there masturbating, just watching. She wasn't getting paid or anything. So Mike came twice. He went to get a soda, and Nick was having a slow day; so he went to get a soda too. So Alex jumps in the scene because she was hot for the girl. They do some girl/girl stuff, and then the guys come back out. At one point, Nick asked Alex, "Say, can you bring me over some lube?" He meant out of a bottle of Astroglide. She comes over, grabs his cock and spits on it. I didn't expect that, but go with it. Nick is talking to me while I'm shooting. "Did I tell you what a great

handjob she gives?" I'm wearing baggy shorts. I'm on the girl's face with the camera. Nick tells her, "Go ahead; grab Biff's dick." She looks right up into the camera and goes, "Can I?" So she starts stroking me, and it was instant wood. He says something about her giving head. So, he's going down on her, I've got my dick in her mouth, she's going to town. I step back, he pops on her stomach, then he's like, "Here, let me have the camera." Then I get busy with her, and it's a great scene. My roommate at the time was Tony Martino, and he's got the biggest foot fetish. Tony goes, "Oh, my God! You've got the most perfect feet I've ever seen." He pulls his shorts aside, and he's sporting a big hard-on. So when we went to eat dinner, Theresa stroked him off under the table with her feet, and I mean he got off. That was all the interest she had in him; so we dumped him, and then we all finished the evening off with one more round.

SEMEN SIPHONER: Trixy Tyler in the gym scene in Gang Bang Girl Number 1. She puts a lot of energy into her scene. The girls that take oral cum-shots in this business, some of them are into it, and some of them are getting paid extra. She was out to lick up every drop.

EASY LAY: I did a scene with Viviana. Dark haired, buxom. I remember it being incredible for me. Who knows if it was for her? She's got big saucer nipples. They were shooting her in three scenes that day, and I was the second. She got done doing somebody that fucked her pretty hard. She was looking for an easy scene, and she turned me on by just existing. It's amazing the different mentalities that motivate people to fuck. I overheard one guy commenting, "I like to punish girls with my dick." I don't empathize with that statement. When I do a scene with a girl, I like to make love to her even if I have to trick myself into believing I'm in love with this girl for 20 minutes. So, I was in lust with her, and she wanted somebody that wasn't gonna punish her with their dick. It worked out to be a convenient shoot for us.

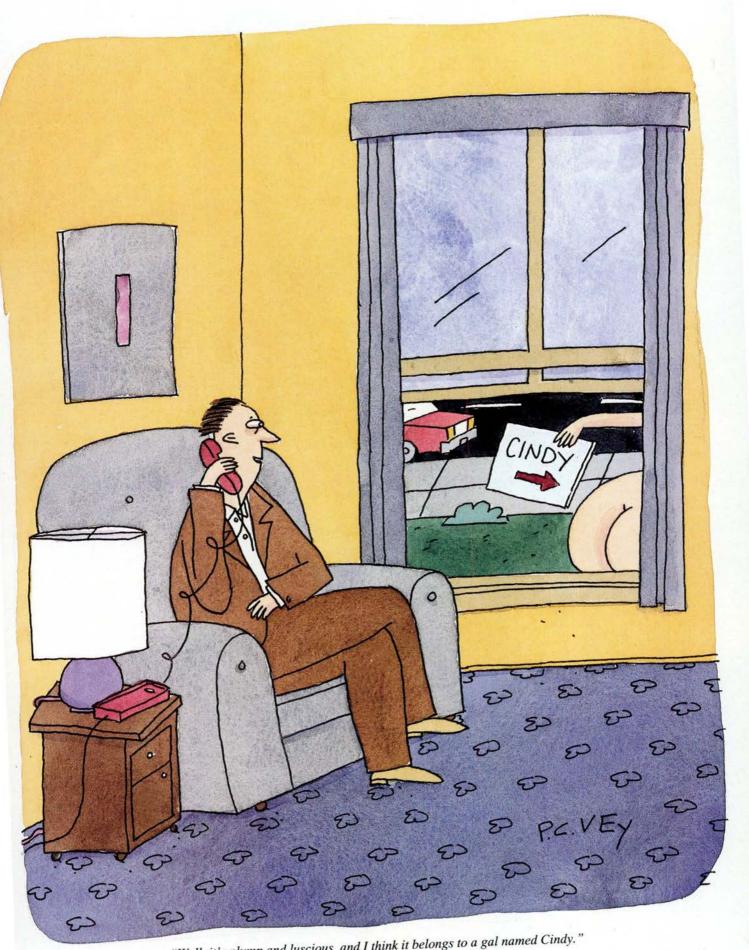
SHARP SHOOTER: I did a really good cum-shot, if they captured it, with a girl, I think she goes by the name Daphne. I'm telling the director, "Let me know when you want the cum-shot. I'll give it to you." Daphne's sitting a couple of feet away from me, and the director was freaking. "Get closer. We need the cumshot in your mouth." But I usually get some distance on my shots. From a couple of feet away, I hit bulls-eye right into her mouth.

NO GLOVE LOVE: Kelly O'Dell did a scene with Nick Rage. I did camera. Basically, anytime Kelly's on camera, she

(continued on page 121)



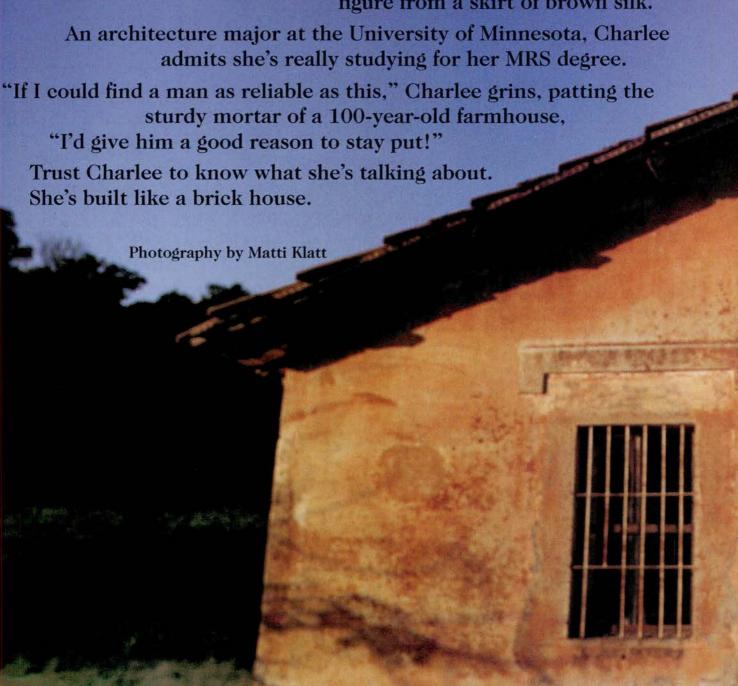
"Be honest, Shawn—is our goo-goo-eyed romance stage over?"



"Well, it's plump and luscious, and I think it belongs to a gal named Cindy."



How does starry-eyed, 20-year-old Charlee keep down-to-earth?
"I strip down to basics!" grins Charlee, releasing her supple
figure from a skirt of brown silk.



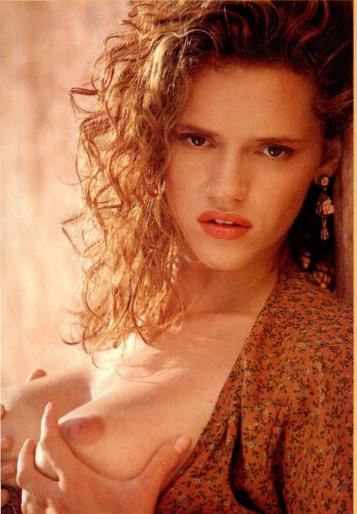








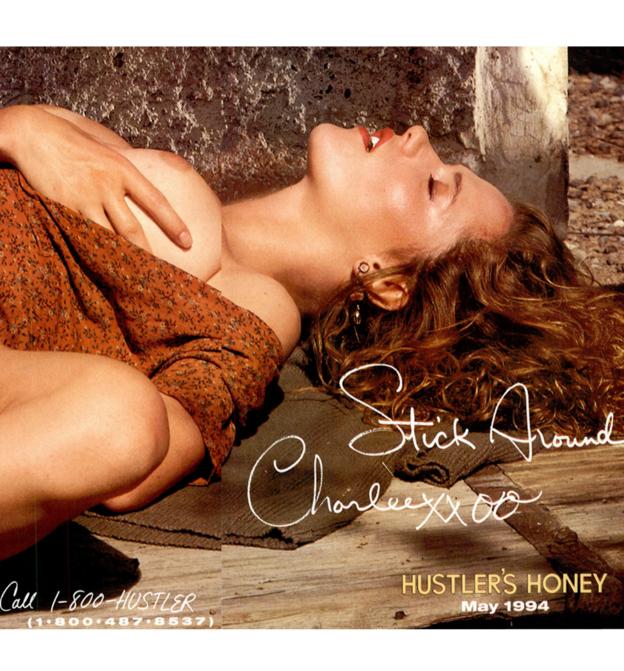
















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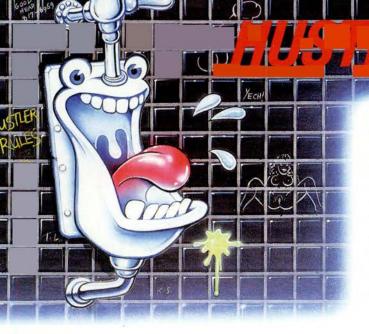
NEW YORK, NY SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW ORLEANS, LA BALTIMORE, MD

DETROIT, MI (NEW) SAN DIEGO, GA ST. LOUIS, MO SHREVEPORT, LA

REDLANDS, CA PARIS, FRANCE MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

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Muggsy's first stop after being released from jail was a nearby whorehouse. "I need to eat some pussy," he told the woman at the desk. "Right away."

"Well, you might have to wait," she answered. "There's been some trouble, and I don't know if anyone's availa—"

"I need to eat some pussy now!" Muggsy roared. "Right away!"

"Very well," the madam said, handing him a key. "Room Number Four."

Muggsy bolted up the stairs and nearly beat the door down. Inside the dank, foul-smelling room lay a nude hooker with her legs fully spread. Muggsy dove right in.

A few seconds later, he had to pause in his vigorous cuntlapping because he noticed that something was caught in his teeth. "How strange," he thought, after pulling the object out for examination. "A piece of corn."

Undaunted, Muggsy resumed his munching. Shortly thereafter, he was deterred again by yet another wiggling nuisance.

Clearing his gums with his finger and looking at the offending substance, he wondered, "Now when was the last time I had chipped beef?"

Finally, when Muggsy's slit-licking was interrupted by the stringy appearance of a fried egg in his mouth, he announced to the hooker, "I think I'm going to throw up!"

After which she promptly informed him, "That's what the last guy said."

Question: What's the difference between a slut and a bitch?

Answer: A slut'll fuck anybody. A bitch will fuck anybody but you.

zzy asked the Rabbi if he could borrow \$40.

"Thirty dollars!" the old man cried. "What do you need \$20 for?"

arty was known as the welcome wagon around the prison. Whenever a new inmate was admitted, Marty would greet him and talk to him about the social activities he could look forward to on the inside. When a convict named Jake arrived, Marty asked him, "Do you like tennis?"

"Sure, I love tennis," Jake said.

"Well, then you're gonna love Mondays. On Mondays they hand out rackets, and all we do the whole day is play tennis. Yeah, you'll love Mondays." Then Marty asked, "Do you like golf?"

Jake replied, "Sure, I love golf."

"Well, then you're gonna love Tuesdays. On Tuesdays, we all get clubs and have a great golf tournament. Yeah, you're gonna love Tuesdays." Next Marty asked, "Do you like sex?"

"Yeah, I love sex!" Jake exclaimed.

"There's just one thing," Marty said. "Are you heterosexual or homosexual?"

Quickly Joe answered, "Why, I'm heterosexual, of course!"

"Well, then," Marty said, shaking his head, "you're gonna hate Wednesdays."

Tracy was complaining about her date to her girlfriend Emily.

"That creep called me a slut."

"That's awful!" her pal exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"I told him to get out of my bed," Tracy answered, "and take his ten friends with him!"

Question: Why do all lesbians look alike?

Answer: Because they rub off on each other.

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *specimen* as: an Italian astronaut.

newlywed couple chose a romantic, candlelit restaurant for their very first dinner as husband and wife. As the waiter left their table, the wife inadvertently cracked a loud, smelly fart. To hide her embarrassment, she shouted at the waiter, "Stop that immediately!"

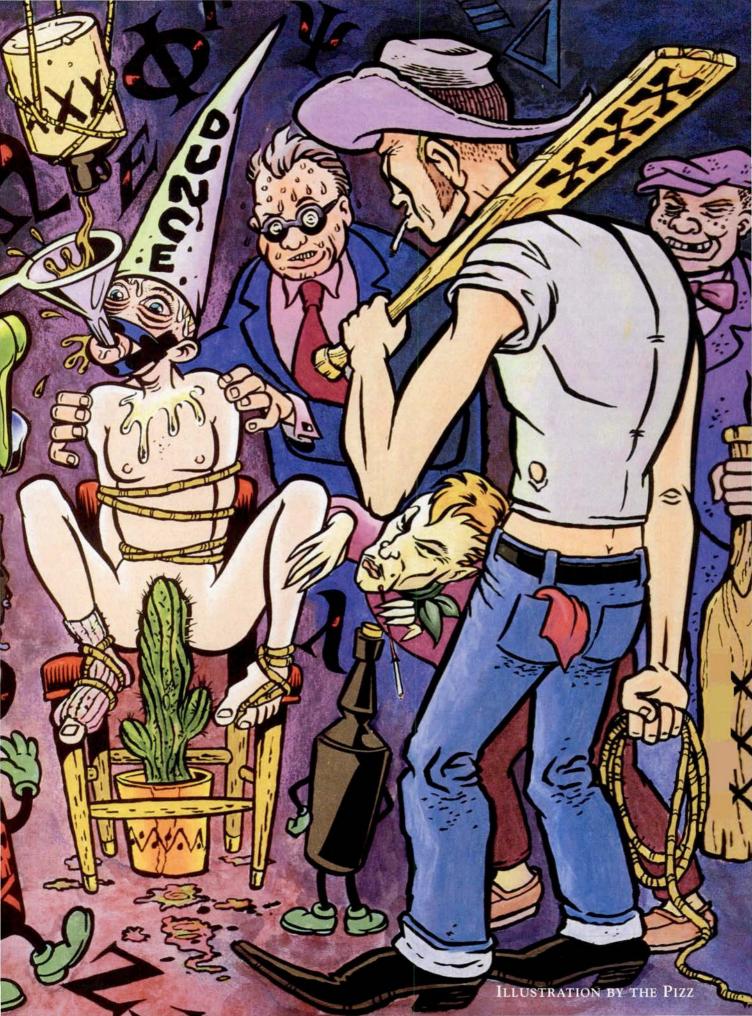
The waiter turned and said, "Of course, madame. In which direction was it headed?"

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the FANTILY 80LS

"Better go see what the cat dragged in."





Hazing Horrors

The frat brothers who had stuffed their trunk with booze and live bodies were given a slap-onthe-wrist probation, and the case, along with the body of Chuck Stevens, was quietly put to rest.

To the student who embraces college lifestyle and observes its rituals, there's no greater goal than peer acceptance. One way to infiltrate campus cliques is by pledging allegiance to a fraternity or sorority. But, to become a brother or sister, a student must first pass a physically and mentally demanding pledge phase. For most, pledging a frat can be hell. For Chuck Stevens, pledging was murder.

When Stevens became a sophomore at New York's Alfred University, he pledged Klan Alpine, the school's oldest and most prestigious fraternity. A strapping sophomore who stood 6-2, Stevens, like all initiates, had to first endure a series of humiliating stunts in the age-old process called "hazing." Late on the night of February 24, 1978, Stevens and two other pledges were kidnapped from their dorm rooms, stripped to their underwear and each given a pint of Jack Daniels, a six-pack of beer and a fifth of wine to drink, with just one hitch: They had to finish the booze while trapped in the trunk of a moving car.

The temperature that winter night was near zero degrees. When the car trunks were finally opened, Stevens's bare skin

was pallid. The 20-year-old had passed out. The fraternity members dumped his limp body in his dorm room to "sleep it off." Several hours later, Stevens's vital signs dropped dangerously low. He was driven to a nearby hospital along with the other two pledges; all three were hospitalized in critical condition. The other two boys remained unconscious for more than 72 hours. Stevens, however, never woke up. The hospital pathologist told Stevens's parents their son had died of severe pulmonary edema, a condition caused by acute alcohol poisoning combined with exposure to cold temperatures; his lungs filled with fluid beyond their capacity. The frat brothers who had stuffed their trunk with booze and live bodies were given a slap-on-the-wrist probation, and the case, along with the body of Chuck Stevens, was quietly put to rest.

For many adolescents, the desire to be accepted can overrule common sense, and few organizations exploit herd dynamics like the Greek system. While proponents believe fraternity living fosters leadership skills and fellowship, the houses are often

icons to the spirit of immaturity. "It's built-in to late adolescence," explains Carol German, Associate Dean of Students at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York. "Many college students are in a setting where they set their own limits for the first time. You're bound to get some odd behavior."

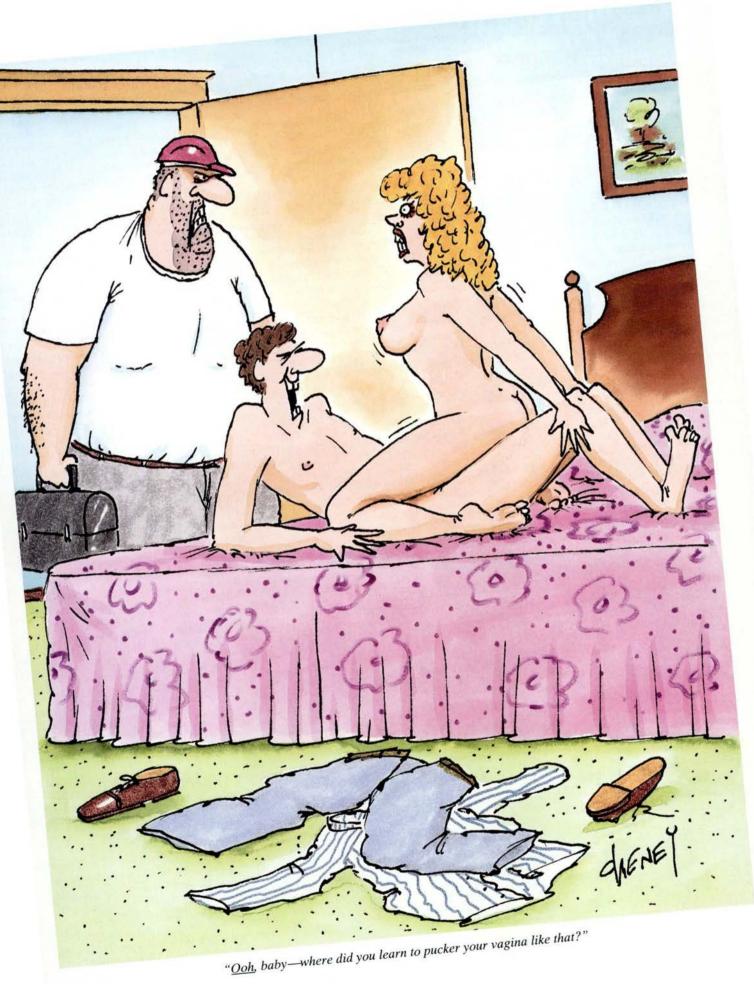
In the 1920s, pledging became the only way a person could enter this secret, collegiate fraternal society. When the process first began, pledge pranks tended to be harmless. In the 1950s, during the Greek system's golden age, swallowing live goldfish was a frat rage, along with such clever feats as locking a cow in the dean's office or reassembling a car in a loathed professor's study. The gimmicks were disruptive, but hardly fatal.

Fraternity outrageousness has increased through the years. Greek chapters began to compete at taking hazing to new hazardous heights. "Men who postponed education and went off to war [in Korea and Vietnam] returned and were not about to wear a red beanie to pledge a frat," says Eileen Stevens, an antihazing activist. "The things these young soldiers did in boot camp, such as sleep deprivation and being dropped miles from their base to find their way back, found their way into a campus setting." Common hazing practices came to include physical abuse, such as punching, paddling, branding, electric shocks and demanding that pledges strip in cold weather and sit on ice blocks. In addition, overexertion through forced exercise and obligatory ingestion of stuporous amounts of booze have discolored the once-rosy view of fraternity life. These stunts have killed more than 60 students since 1971.

Eileen Stevens's son Chuck died in the car-trunk incident. She has since devoted her life to ending the haze process and established a national campaign in honor of her offspring called CHUCK (the Committee to Halt Useless College Killings). "I have seen photographs of bloodied, bruised and blistered behinds of young men [in frats] who have been subjected to that physical brutality for decades," Stevens explains. In 1978, when her son died, only three states had antihazing laws. Today, thanks greatly to Stevens's work, 38 states have now officially banned the dangerous initiation process. Enforcing those laws, however, only works if the frat gets caught, and hazing is so ingrained into fraternity tradition that the ritual clearly persists, only now in secret. "Every semester I hear of many injuries, paralysis and even fatalities that are never reported," Stevens insists. "Peer pressure is very intense, and many of the incidents never surface because the practice is shrouded in secrecy; members take oaths



"Oh, gee, did it get in your eye? Stings, doesn't it?"



Hazing Horrors

Lenaghan ate piles of spaghetti and finished nine gallons of wine during a so-called ritual dinner on February 22, 1984. The 19-year-old died later that night of acute alcohol poisoning.

of silence; so even after someone is abused or injured, the allegiance remains with the group. That's why we still don't have a handle on how deeply rooted and serious this hazing thing is." In fact, a frat only gets caught when one of its pledges turns up in the coroner's office.

American International College: Jay Lenaghan, a 6-1, 270-pound former high-school football star, was pledging the Zeta Chi frat at the Springfield, Massachusetts, institution. Along with five others, Lenaghan ate piles of spaghetti and finished nine gallons of wine during a so-called ritual dinner on February 22, 1984. The 19-year-old died later that night of acute alcohol poisoning.

Lowell University: Stephen Call fell into a coma during a hazing stunt for the Delta Kappa Phi chapter on the Massachusetts campus. Call was performing an intense half-hour of situps, pushups and other calisthenics when he collapsed. Four days later his coma gave way to death.

Rutgers University: James Callahan was one of 14 newly pinned Lambda Chi Alpha members at the New Brunswick, New Jersey, university. Roused by his desire to belong, the 18-year-old was led

into the house's darkened basement in February 1989. The new frat boys were forced to split 200 kamikazes, a potent vodka concoction about as subtle as its name. After the drinks were downed, many pledges had difficulty getting to their feet. Callahan never did. An autopsy of the dead boy's body found 23 ounces of alcohol floating in his bloodstream. His blood alcohol content was listed at .434%, more than four times that state's legal limit. One of the Lambda Chi Alpha members involved in the incident admitted, "We never thought anyone would die from drinking a lot; we do it all the time."

Even when students aren't killed, the pranks often reach torturous proportions. Lee Rover was one of 20 Alpha Tau Omega pledges at the University of Texas who were locked in a room and pelted with 800 dozen eggs for a sleepless 72 hours. "Those who join feel they need a readymade group life with a clear identity," writes Helen Lefkowitz Horowitz in Campus Life. "For this they will give up personal freedoms, privacy and time."

Marlow Martin admits he was paddled, slapped and kicked while pledging Omega Psi Phi on the University of Maryland campus and says he cherished every painful minute. "I would definitely do it again," Martin says enthusiastically. "The pledge process brought a lot out of me. It pushes you to your physical and mental limits. It makes you depend on other people and support each other." He, like many brothers, believes that a "physically and mentally challenging" indoctrination is crucial to building a strong brotherhood.

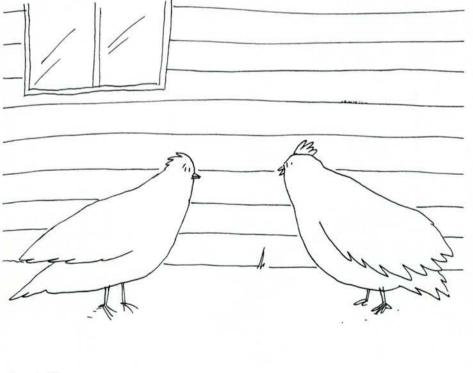
Despite the so-called allure of brotherhood, fraternity membership had steadily declined for years-by 1972 nationwide membership was at an unprecedented low of 149,000 students and continued to wane—until 1978, when John Belushi and the members of the fictional Delta Tau Chi fraternity in Animal House glorified the fraternal pursuit of sex, drugs and Roman robes. To the high-school student contemplating his future while battling enraged hormones, the ads for Animal House became a raunchy recruiting poster. Frat membership boomed. Throughout the '80s, new fraternity members nationwide grew seven to ten percent each year. By 1990, at least 400,000 college men were members of a Greek house.

Jonathon Brant, executive vice president of the National Interfraternity Conference, a confederation of 59 Greek-letter fraternities with nearly 5,200 chapters in the U.S. and Canada, believes membership has increased, not because of the lure of debauchery, but because, "The students have changed in profile. They're really concerned about being successful in their careers and families, and they're more willing to join for experiences beyond the classroom that will help them get a better job and be more effective as leaders." True enough: Many of America's leaders-George Bush, Thurgood Marshall, Jesse Jackson and even Martin Luther King Jr.—came from fraternity backgrounds.

Author Helen Leftkowitz Horowitz doesn't accept the beanie of frat goodness brothers wear. "They [fraternity members] consistently argue that, in becoming brothers and sisters, they accept only the positive virtues—service and leadership," she writes. "Yet certain elements remain identified with the fraternity. The brotherhood still offers special opportunity for engaging in both hedonism and violence as a group activity."

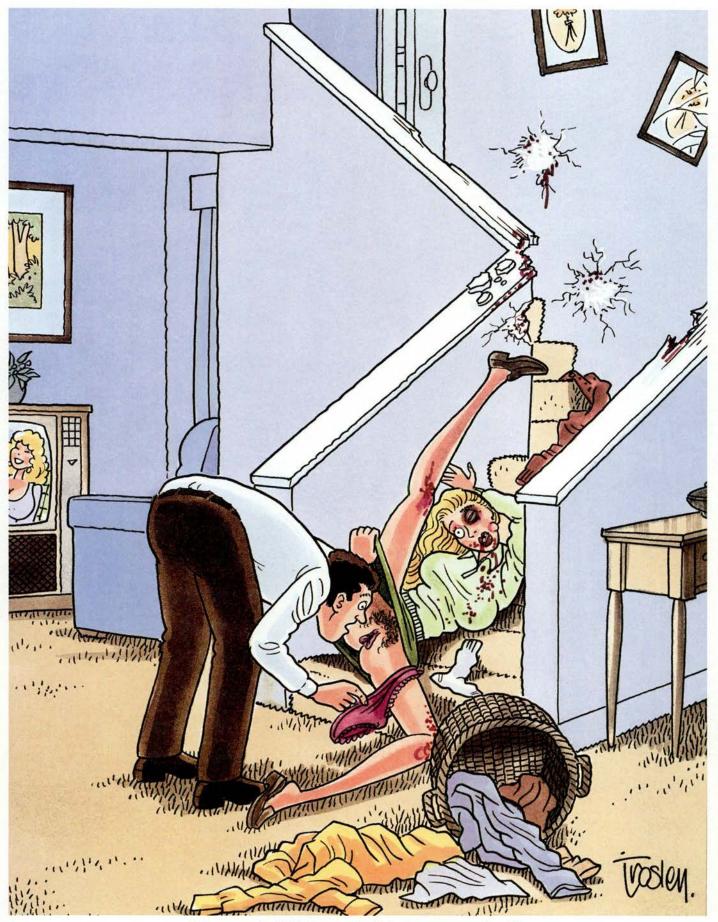
Robin Warshaw, author of *I Never Called It Rape*, agrees. "It's not the blood drives, charity fund-raisers or improved resume potential that brings new members," she says. "It's an attraction to a culture that often seems to say, 'Become one of us, and you'll get loaded, you'll get laid, you'll become a man.' Most fraternity cultures are still centered on proving man-

(continued on page 112)



"Don't be so concerned. I hear they all go to a nice place called 'Omelet.' "

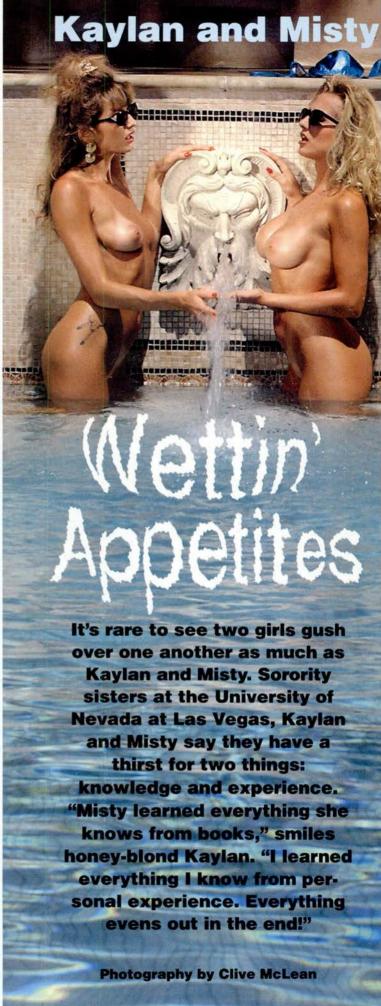
PCVEY



"That was a bad fall, honey—thank God you were not hurt!"

























Hazing Horrors

An enema tube was inserted into each girl's asshole. The naked sisters-to-be then had to push their eggs around the room with their noses, while other sisters administered warm enemas.

hood in accordance with three basic beliefs: that women are sex objects to be manipulated at will; that drinking and drug-taking are endurance sports; and that all nonmembers...are deficient wienies."

In addition, the punishing hazing process is no longer confined just to fraternities. In recent years, sororities have developed more creative initiation rituals. The sisters' hazing practices aren't nearly as violent as their brothers, but girls will slap female pledges and often require that girls "take a certain position—bending over, for instance—and remain in that position for hours at a time," relates Janet Ballard, national president of Alpha Kappa Alpha. Judging from several publicized cases, college girls have joined their male counterparts in the degradation game.

University of Maine: In 1988, 16 female pledges were taken to a cemetery at midnight. Once there, the hopeful Alpha Chi Omega girls were ordered to remove their shirts, while a metal stamp with the sorority's letters was heated with a candle and pressed into the girls' backs. Each of the women was ritually branded.

Kent State University: Female pledges at the Alpha Kappa Alpha house of the Ohio university were paddled so severely, in 1991, that blood seeped through their clothes.

University of New Hampshire: One sorority forced its pledges to strip and put on dog collars and bathrobes. The pledges were then forced to carry dog dishes to fraternity houses, where the bowls were filled with beer, and the girls were forced to lap it up. Once the beer was digested, the bathrobed girls had to sing sexual lyrics to the brothers.

A private university in New England: Five sorority pledges, as part of their initiation, were required to straddle doorknobs and ski poles before a roomful of men and use the phallic object to simulate an orgasm. One of the guys who watched allegedly ordered the girls, "Scream like you're being raped!"

An Arkansas sorority: The sisters of Delta Zeta Phi stripped their pledges and lined them against a wall on their hands and knees. An egg was placed before them, and an enema tube was inserted into each girl's asshole. The naked sisters-to-be then had to push their eggs around the room with their noses, while other sisters administered warm enemas, pushing the

bag as they went. Once the enema bags were emptied, each pledge held the sudsy water in her bowels for at least three minutes. As the pressure built to bursting point, the girls were finally allowed to relieve themselves, after climbing three flights of stairs to the one bathroom they had to share. Whatever shit was spilled the girls were forced to clean up—in the nude.

The common links between the hazing rituals of men and women begin with alcohol abuse as drinking has proven a factor in 98% of all hazings. Another profound similarity of all hazing is psychological abuse. Whether it's guys who eat dog food and roll around in feces or girls who are forced to strip and line up according to breast size, while sisters circle the girls' cellulite and skin imperfections with markers, "degradation and humiliation is very common," admits Eileen Stevens.

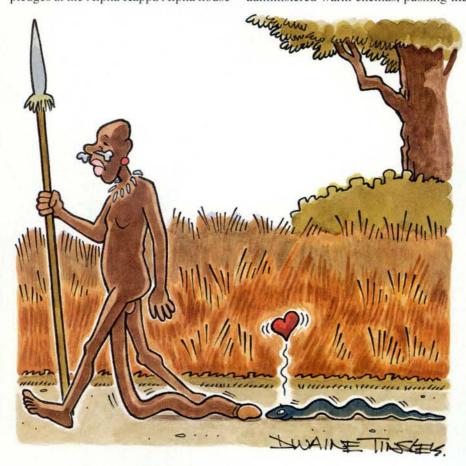
Števens also believes Greek life can greatly affect future behavior. "I think former frat members harbor a lot of resentment," she contends. "I've spoken with people in their 70s who still harbor resentment toward the people who hazed them. Psychologists say those who are ridiculed, embarrassed and demeaned will carry those scars much deeper than if somebody simply beat the hell out of you."

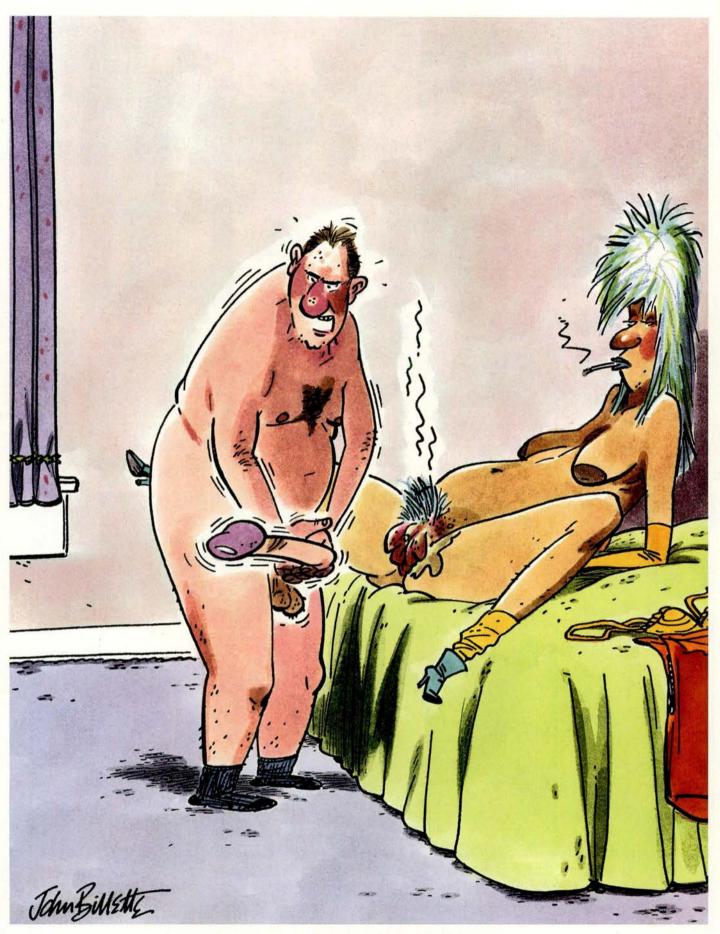
Ritualized violence isn't confined to fraternities. "Hazing is a societal problem, not just a fraternity problem," says Hank Nuwer, author of *Broken Pledges: The Deadly Rite of Hazing*. "It's more complex than people thought. The Masons, the Navy, school bands, even Future Farmers of America have hazings."

Nicholas Haben was a freshman at Western Illinois University in October 1990 when he tried out for the lacrosse team. The 18-year-old first had to pass initiation. Team veterans "encouraged" Haben and eight other young players to drink "rookie juice," a concoction of beer, schnapps, coffee, tuna fish, raw eggs and hot dogs. The rookies were later taken to a remote wooded area to run an obstacle course, occasionally pausing to swig more hard liquor. Haben passed out, and the next morning he was dead. An autopsy performed 24 hours after his death revealed the boy's blood alcohol level was .34%. By comparison, a California driver is considered legally drunk with a level of 0.08%.

Who's to blame for these tragedies? When 18-year-old James Callahan died of alcohol poisoning after hazing by Rutgers's Lambda Chi Alpha, a lawyer representing the frat's Board of Trustees contended that the house bore no responsibility because Callahan was not forced to drink. "This one isolated incident said nothing," the lawyer, Joseph Discenza, maintained. "It

(continued on page 121)





"Get back here, you son of a bitch! I paid for it, and you're going in!"







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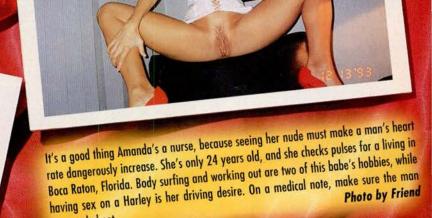
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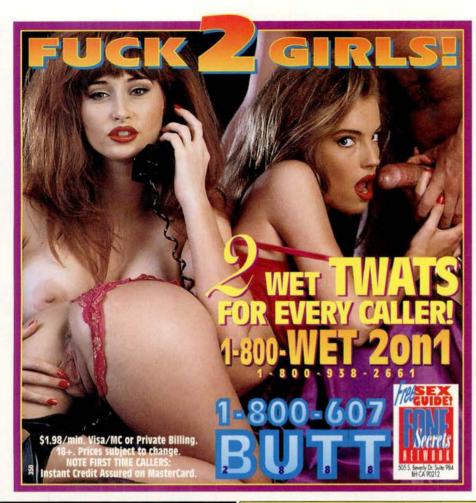
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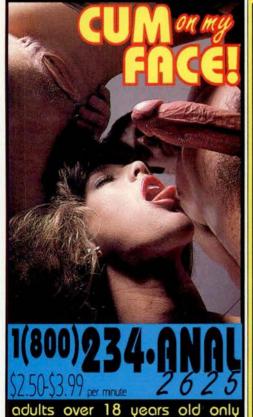


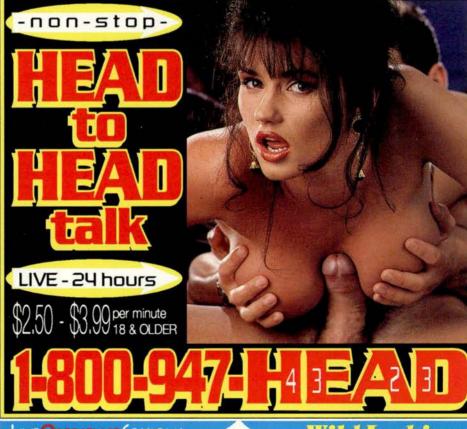












Hazing Horrors

(continued from page 112)

said, if somebody really wants to drink a lot, they can. It could have happened just as easily in my basement." What Discenza, a former Lambda Chi Alpha member himself, failed to stress, is the heavy cloud of peer pressure that hangs over impressionable youths.

As a result of that pressure, the abuse cycle persists. "It's the old thing of, 'I got hazed; so now I'm gonna do it to someone else," says Stevens. And as the torch is passed, so is a sadistic psychology that seduces veteran frat members. Mel Bloom, who wrote Final Reunion, a play that deals with the deadly consequences of hazing, pledged Phi Epsilon Phi at Northwestern in the late 1940s. Bloom recalls thinking that many of his brothers, "if left to their own devices, could be the Hitlers of tomorrow. But, as an 18-yearold, you don't have the rationale that a man of 30 or 40 has. Now, in retrospect, I believe any injustice that hurts somebody else is wrong and, if we don't speak up, despite the possibility of being ostracized or worse, we make it worse for society."

Not all frats are mired in puerility. Sigma Nu and Tau Kappa Epsilon are two organizations that have openly stopped all hazing practices. In addition, some campuses have begun a deferred rush, where freshman cannot pledge frats until the second semester, allowing new students to make friends and gradually adjust to college life. Individuals who desire fraternal fellowship without goon-squad abuse should simply assert their independence and deny the torture. "Kids need to speak out and ask questions," Stevens advises. "The true leaders are those who think carefully before making spontaneous decisions."

Joel Harris was preparing for a career in business law at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia. In December 1988, he pledged Alpha Phi Alpha, the oldest black fraternity in the nation, whose past membership included Martin Luther King Jr. During hazing, Harris was punched in the chest and slapped in the face as part of a ritual called "Thunder and Lightning." Harris collapsed, and later died of an irregular heart rhythm.

His mother, Adrienne Harris, couldn't accept the cause of death. "If they told me my son had a heart attack giving food to the homeless, I could live with that," the grieving mother said. "Or [if he'd] had a heart attack tutoring a young child, I could live with that.

"But horsing around," she sobbed, "I can't live with that." Unfortunately, neither can her son.

Biff Malibu

(continued from page 84)

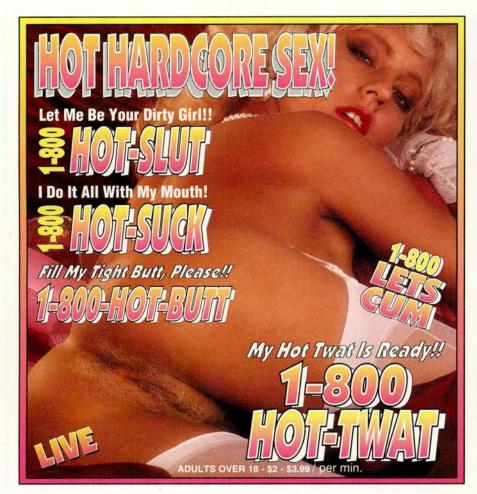
uses a condom. She's trying to make a political statement. After we stopped rolling camera, she was asking me to fuck her. But I don't like condoms. She's like, "Well, we don't have to use one." And I'm like, "Don't change the rules for me." I was having fun letting her chase me, which is a nice turnaround. We ended up doing it right then, without a condom. I thought it was ironic that she was making this political statement on camera, but once the cameras go off, private life doesn't matter. She's a screamer.

AMATEUR ECSTASY: A scene that won Best Pro-Amateur Scene of the Year was me and Teddi Austin. She's definitely got real tits. Her and I had been waiting to get together for a while. We ended up at her apartment. At the time she had an older guy who's passed away since. This little frail old guy said he'd work camera for me. I set the camera up on the tripod because I didn't think he had the strength to lift it. We tried to aim toward the camera. All he did was zoom in or out. On most of my gang-bangs, we spend tons of money on making everything perfect. So this thing was shot by an old man on a tripod, stationary, only moved in or out, and that won Best Pro-Am Scene for last year.

LITTLE BIG STIFF: Rocco and Shawnee Cates in Little Magicians. Shawnee Cates is sexy, petite. I asked her, "Are there any guys that you'd have fun working with?" I meant guys she could have fun fucking. She saw Rocco, and she was gaga over him. He's a handsome guy, definitely packing, and he thought she was cute; so we met at his apartment. I asked Rocco what turned him on. He said, "I love it when girls ask me to fuck them in the ass." Her eyes rolled in trepidation. I let her know she didn't have to do anal, but if she felt like it, I'd pay her a little extra. The whole scene, Rocco was asking her, "What do you want me to do now?" And she'd be, "Put your cock in my mouth." "What do you want me to do now?" "Put it back in my pussy." He asked her ten times: "What do you want me to do now?" It was always, "Back in my mouth, back in my pussy, between my tits." Finally she looked at me, looked at him, rolled her eyes and said, "Fuck me in the ass!" So he did, and then her eyes really rolled back in her head.

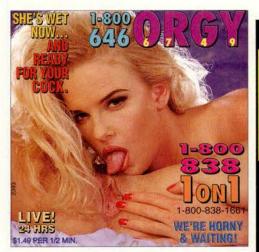
That's what inspired me to do Little Magicians. After that I thought, Okay, now I've got to find four or five petite women and put them with guys that are packing.







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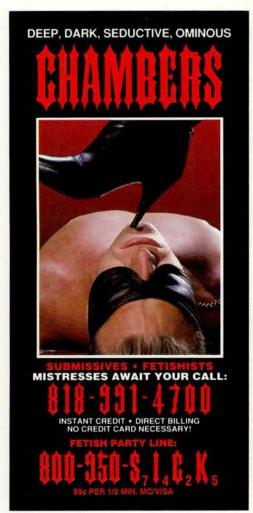
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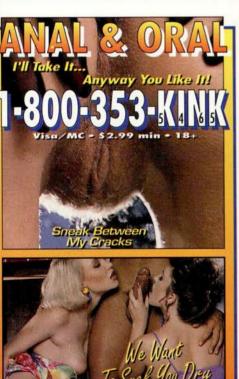




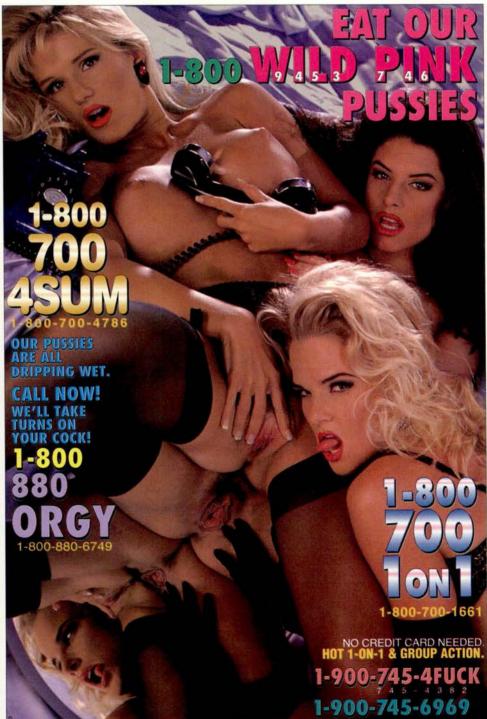


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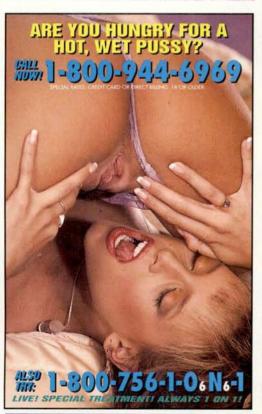






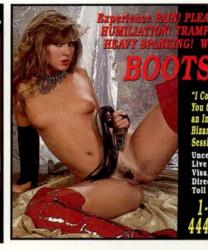


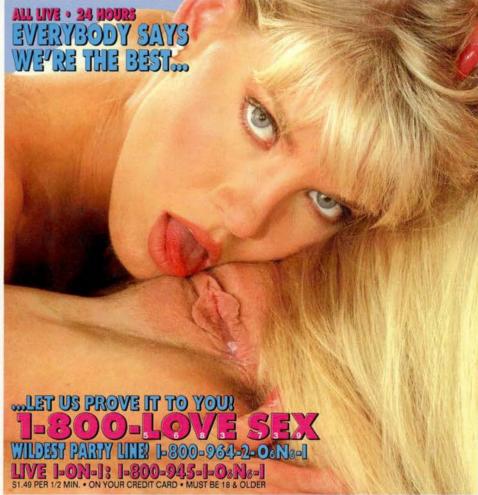










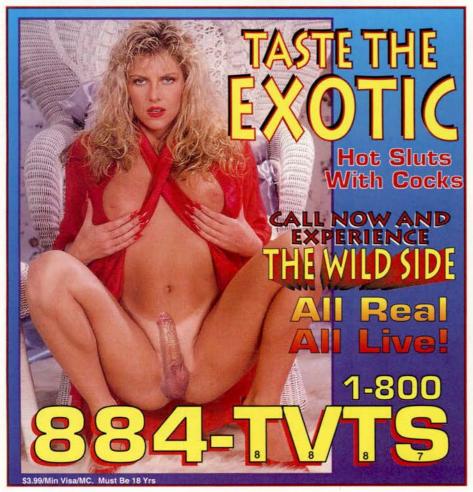








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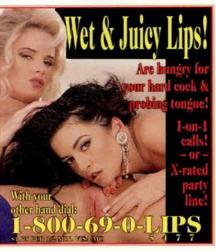


















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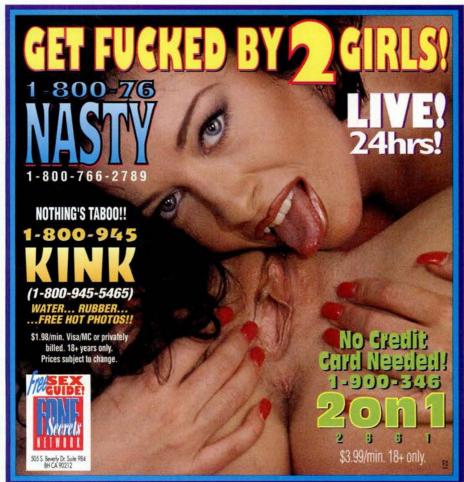
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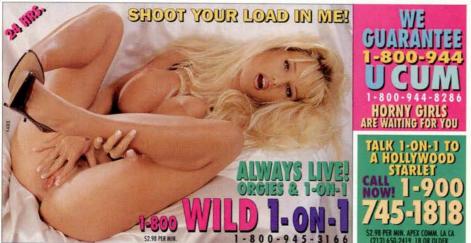
















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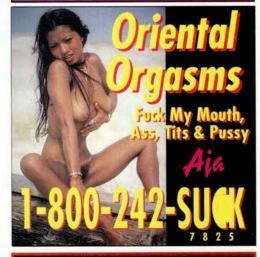
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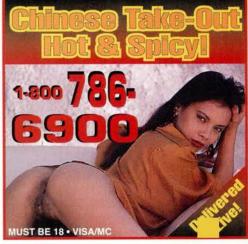
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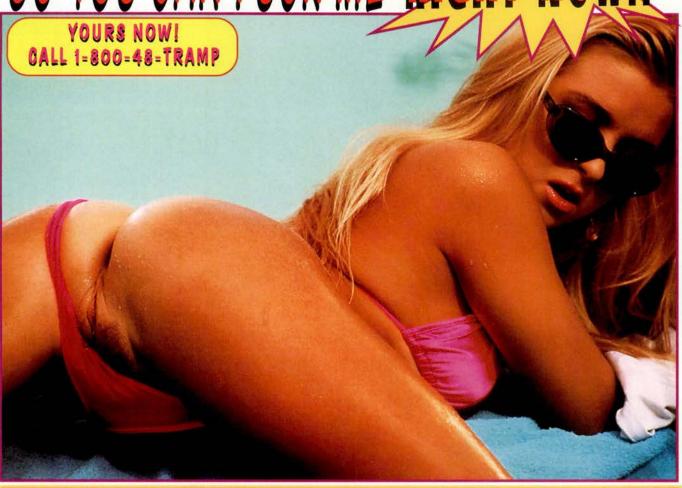








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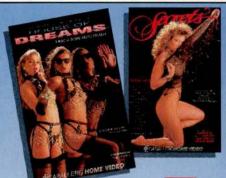
















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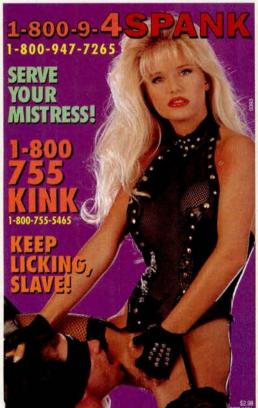
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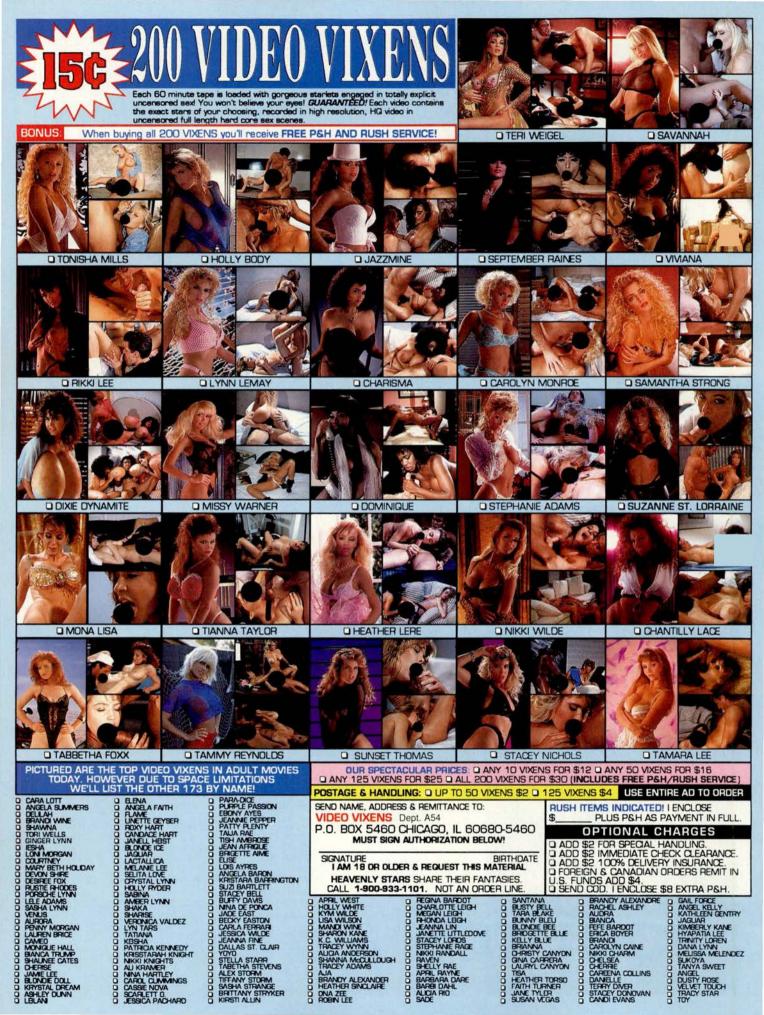


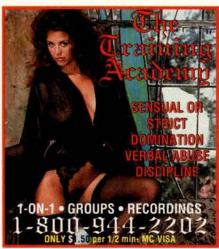




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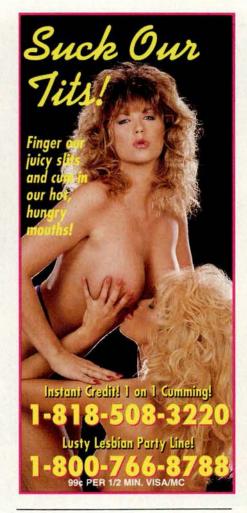






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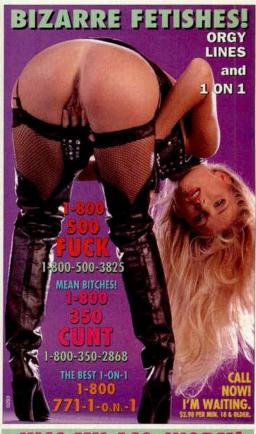












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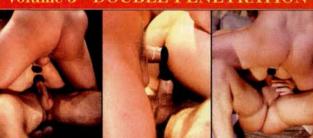


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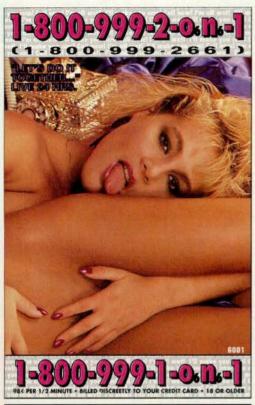
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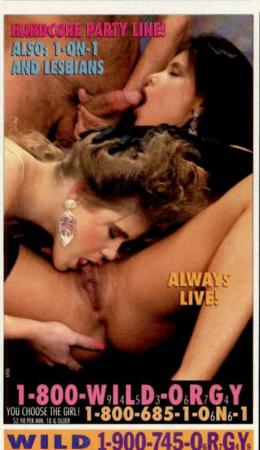
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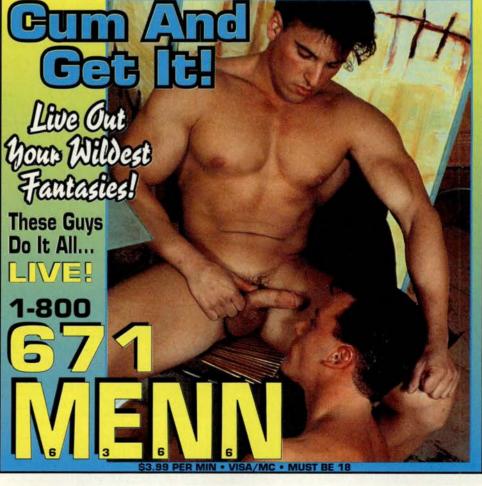




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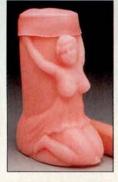
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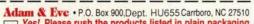




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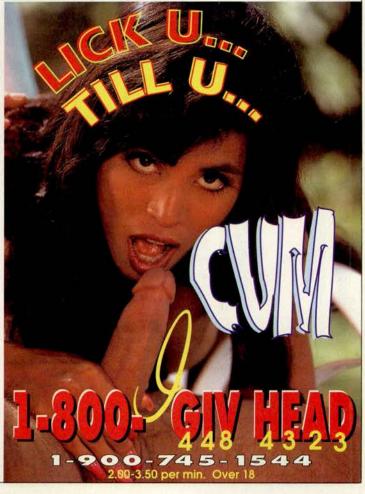
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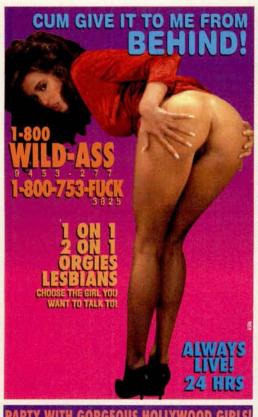
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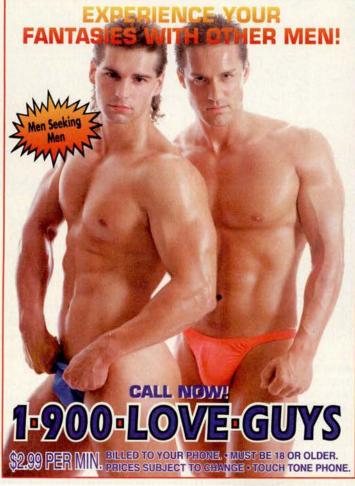
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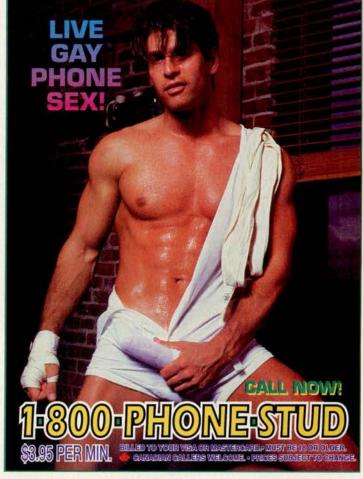
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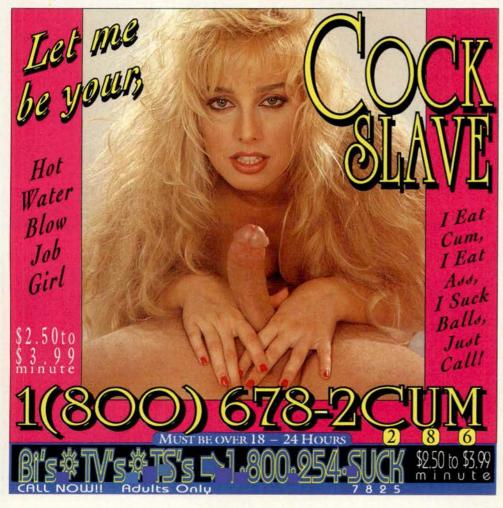
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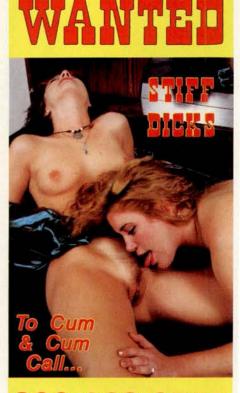










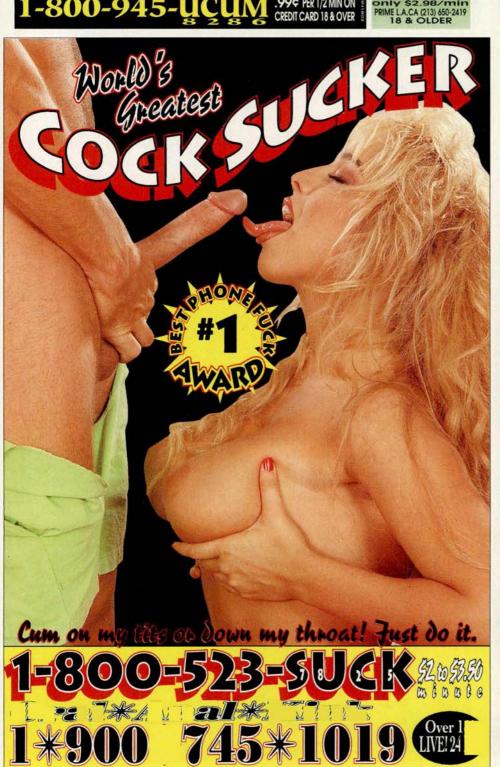


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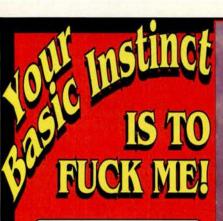


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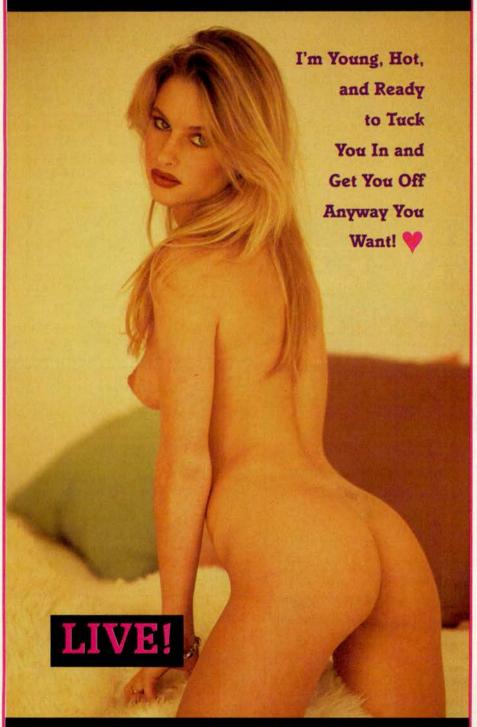
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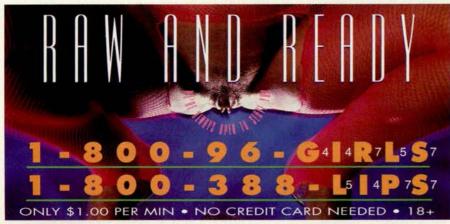


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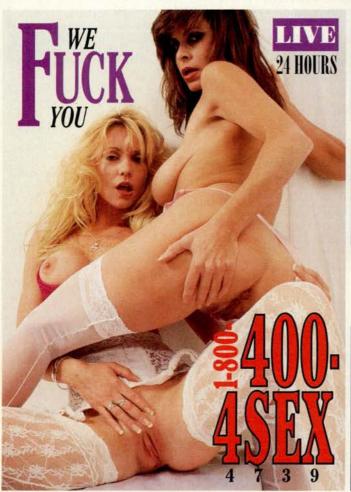


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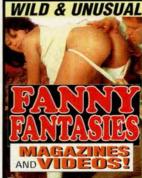


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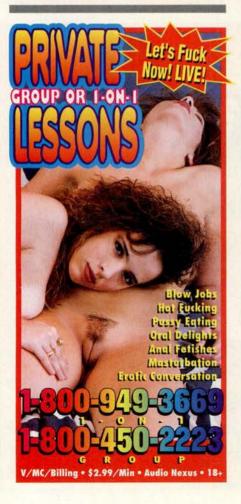


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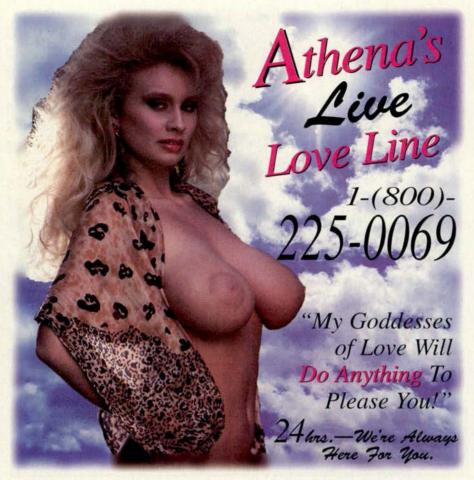


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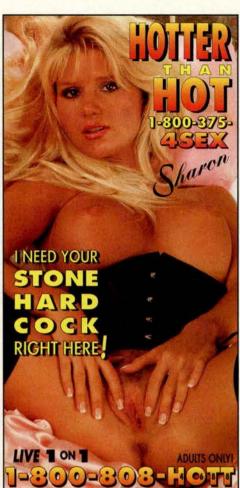




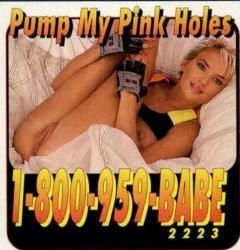






























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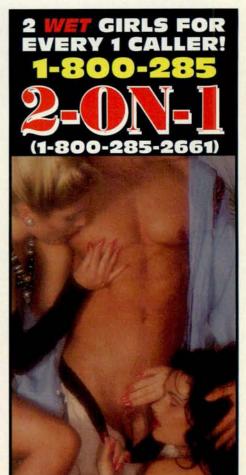








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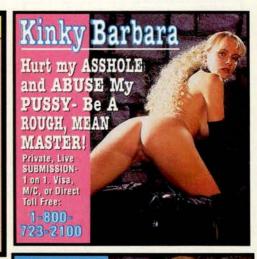


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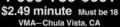
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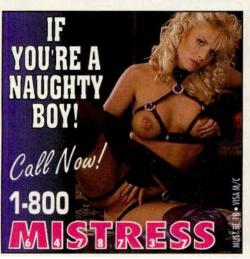
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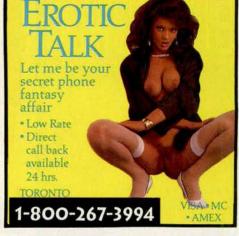












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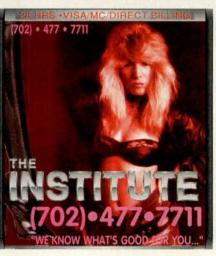
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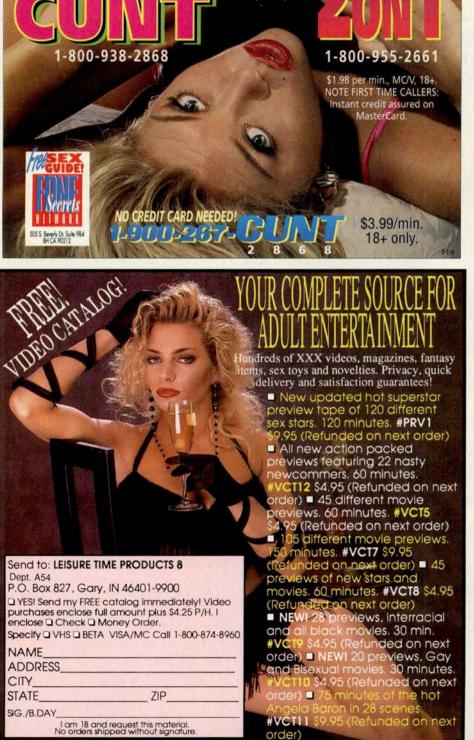
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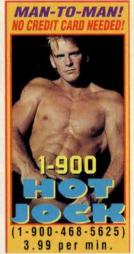
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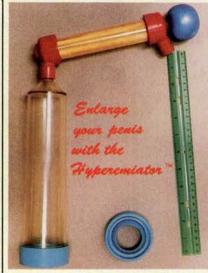




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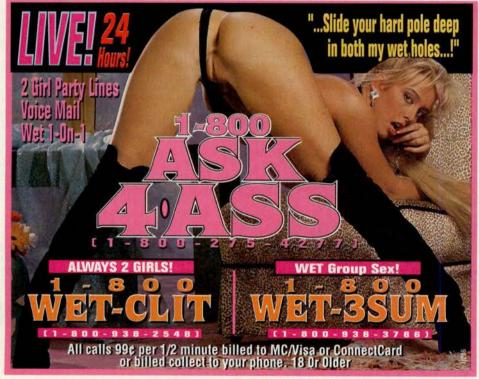
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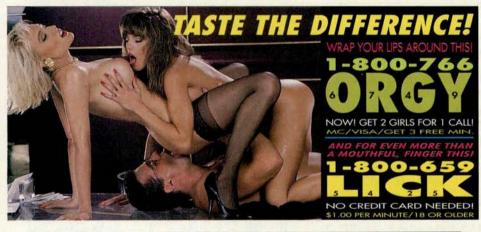
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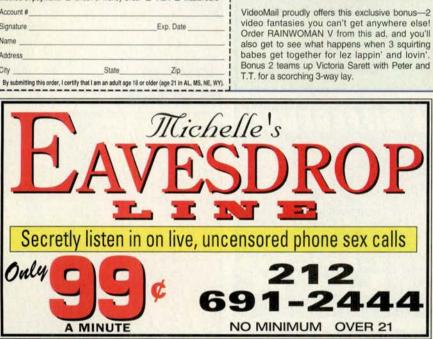
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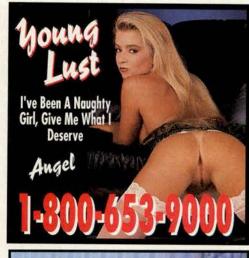




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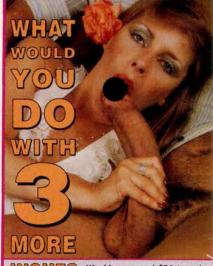
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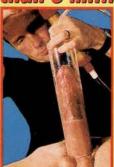
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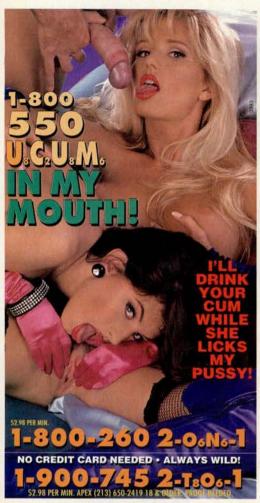
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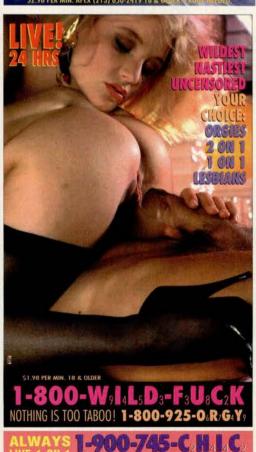




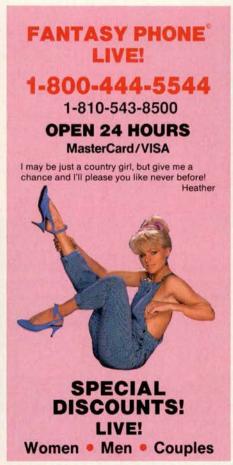




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June HUSTLER on sale April 12, 1994



FEEL WHAT'S REAL

HUSTLER in June waves a wand and—presto!—six girls fit into the palm of one hand. Slip into a houseboat bedroom with a butt-baring wavemaker piloting the pleasure craft nestled between her high-riding thighs; hose-squirt a boisterous black girl lip-wrapping a white man in a poolside tool slide; count the toes and see what grows with a barefoot blonde on a warm fur rug; salute the chest of the west with a milk-fed daughter of Montana ranchland whose cups are always overflowing; and brave the teeth and claws of two dark-maned cats wrapping tongues and tails in a wild desert rut. HUSTLER in June is no illusion. Touch it and see.



Assault, carjacking, rape and robbery are the primary crimes, say victims. The scene of the crimes? America's shopping malls. In many cities, shopping malls have taken the place of downtowns as centralized places of civic interaction. As with downtown urban areas, unfortunately, crime comes with the territory. Privately owned, most malls decline to release crime statistics, believing disclosure of criminal wrongdoing would be bad for future business. Consequently, a false sense of security blinds thousands of innocent consumers to the fact that big, fancy shopping malls are magnets for dangerous criminals. Learn which of the hundreds of shopping malls in America hold the most risk to customers—where female shoppers yow not to use a dressing room without an armed guard outside the door—in Chris Adams and B. Gordon Wheeler's One-Stop Shop and Drop, a must-read for every mall patron.



TWO MOMMIES TWO MANY?

Twenty-five-year-old Jonathan Evans was adopted at birth and raised by a lesbian couple. According to Evans, his mother's hatred for men scarred his development as a heterosexual, inhibiting his inherent attraction to women. Artificial insemination and expensive adoptions have made parenting a reality for countless same-sex couples, raising concerns about such nontraditional families—specifically, that the children of gay parents are more likely to be victims of abuse or to have their own sexual preference unduly influenced. Family Blessing, Family Curse, by writer Chick Leonard, profiles the struggle facing the children of gays and the forces opposed to bending nature's way.



Vice President Al Gore's much-vaunted information superhighway may include a rest stop for the sexually insatiable, suggests writer Maxwell Malice, who previews the coming wave of off-beat, on-line computer sex in "From Silicone Tits to Silicon Valley," HUSTLER's Sex Play for June; Hot Letters puts down on paper who puts out greater; Beaver Hunt flushes neighborly pink from the bushes next door; and Bits & Pieces carries on its grand comedic tradition of offending everyone with a sense of humor. HUSTLER in June adds inches. Take a crack at it.





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